

Twentieth Year—October 19, 1912

Los Angeles, California—Price Ten Cents

The GRAPHIC



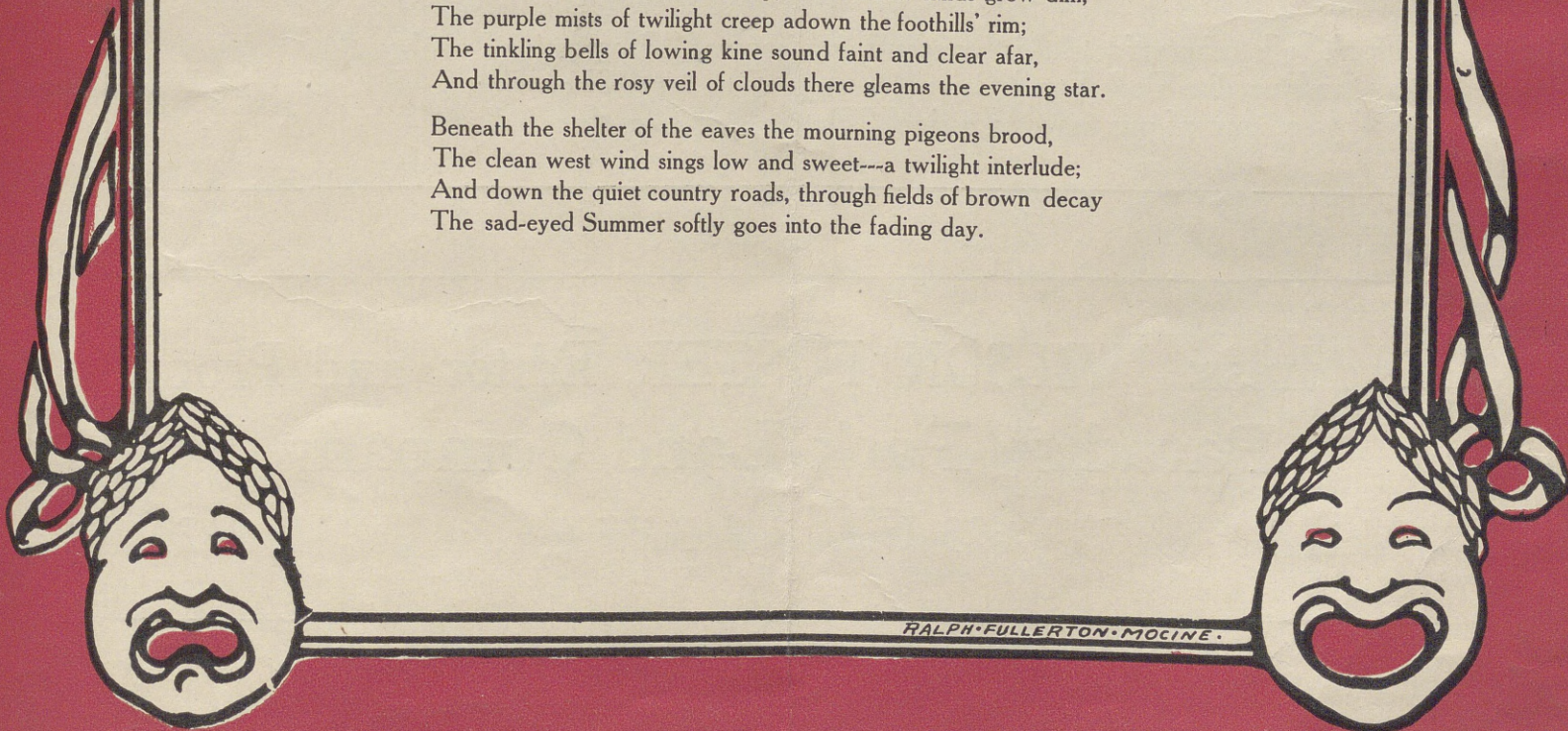
ETCHING

By CAROLINE REYNOLDS

The sunset paints the western sky, the meadow lands grow dim,
The purple mists of twilight creep adown the foothills' rim;
The tinkling bells of lowing kine sound faint and clear afar,
And through the rosy veil of clouds there gleams the evening star.

Beneath the shelter of the eaves the mourning pigeons brood,
The clean west wind sings low and sweet—a twilight interlude;
And down the quiet country roads, through fields of brown decay
The sad-eyed Summer softly goes into the fading day.

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TWENTIETH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR



TRUE RESPONSIBILITY FOR CRIME

EFFORTS by the third party press in California to place responsibility for the shooting of Roosevelt on his political critics are remindful of the action of a cuttlefish whose instincts of defense cause it, when attacked, to eject an inky discharge, under cover of which it effects its escape. Schrank, undoubtedly, is a paranoiac, but his criminal instincts have been encouraged by the tendencies of misguided reformers to excuse crime and condone the acts of criminals. Every time the executive office at Sacramento is guilty of interfering unwarrantably with the law and the decision of the courts it is an incitement to crime, a suggestion to the one of homicidal bent to indulge himself without fear of capital reprisal.

Wholesale and inexcusable reprieves and commutation of sentences, without reasonable ground for such extra-judicial conduct were not contemplated by the framers of the constitution when the pardoning power was vested in the state executive. It was a prerogative to be exercised with great discretion and only when grave doubts existed of the guilt of the accused or the fairness of his trial. It is idle to advance any such excuse for the vagaries of Johnson and Wallace in the direction noted. They have ignored their oaths to uphold the laws of the state, they have bound themselves by a political bargain to frustrate the code providing for capital punishment and wholly without justification and in defiance of their sworn duty they have set themselves above courts, juries and the statute.

In again reprieving Bomfila, a murderer from Orange county, whose crime admits of no excuse, whose trial was fair and whose sentence was richly deserved Wallace once more reveals the pernicious nature of this pact to obstruct the course of justice and prevent murderers from paying the penalty for their crimes. He advances no reason for this defiance of the law. He knows the public by this time is well aware of the fact that he is involved in the plan to cheat justice. Here, then, is the true explanation of the increase of crime in the country which culminated in the attempted assassination of Theodore Roosevelt. It is an unfortunate coincidence that the officials and press most fervent in their demand for the abolition of capital punishment and chiefly responsible for the non-enforcement of the statute are the ones loudest in their support of Roosevelt and now busy covering up their own folly by framing specious theories accounting for the assault on their candidate. It is such as they who are chiefly responsible and a continuation of their course is bound to result in many repetitions of the Milwaukee paranoiac's act.

Mayor Carter Harrison of Chicago, whose father was assassinated years ago, when in office, asserts that

looseness of the law is probably one of the contributing elements measured by the would-be assassin. He believes that the slayer should be punished by death and that only by the prompt enforcement of the law is the full effect of the deterrent measure conveyed. Cook County jail reeks with murderers, however, and the rope's reprisal is slow to overtake the criminal. In this state the law is flouted by our highest state officials under a political agreement, unwritten, but thoroughly understood. When the people wake up to a realization of this bit of infamy there will be sharp reckoning demanded. But society will pay a big price first.

ONE AND INSEPARABLE UNION

PERHAPS, the most impressive lesson to be gained from the deplorable shooting of Colonel Roosevelt is that in time of anxious stress, such as the country has experienced in his case, all political differences are swept aside and the heartfelt expressions of sympathy well to the surface and will not be denied. President Taft, Gov. Wilson, Senator La Follette, the criticised and the critics, hastened to forward their words of sympathy, which rang so true that Americans everywhere, regardless of political beliefs or party alignments, rejoiced over the evidence of manliness displayed and were proud and glad that all the bitterness engendered by the campaign vanished in the contemplation of what might have proved a surpassing tragedy.

With delicate consideration Gov. Wilson has decided to cancel all his speaking engagements as soon as he completes the series now definitely arranged for, where the halls are under contract. With Mr. Taft an inactive candidate Gov. Wilson says he has no desire to be the single candidate on the stump engaged against no active antagonist. After Saturday night he will not make any public addresses until Colonel Roosevelt has recovered sufficiently to renew his campaign talks. It is only another evidence of the fine caliber of the Democratic nominee whose attitude toward his political opponents has been that of unvarying courtesy.

In this time of mental perturbation, when a fellow feeling has conspired to make us wondrous kind, it has been signally demonstrated what a glorious heritage is ours. Just as the country rises, en masse, when a great calamity such as overtook Chicago in her big fire or San Francisco in similar untoward circumstances thrills the senses, proving the closeness of the union of states and the homogeneity of the people, so in the face of a personal loss suffered through the tragic death of a Lincoln, a Garfield or a McKinley millions of hearts beat as one and a sympathetic tie girdles the country from Maine to California. It is then that the words of the great Webster seem to have acquired new meaning and we realize more keenly than ever before that this is a union, one and inseparable, whose peoples though widely separated geographically are touching elbows actually in those crucial moments when the entire nation is profoundly stirred.

TURNING THE TABLES ON A SMUG CRITIC

AFTER daily tirades against Gov. Wilson, in which the puerile accusations of a former Princeton man have been eagerly accepted as gospel truth, despite the denial of eighty-six other Princetonians and the unblemished record of the man assailed, the Los Angeles Tribune has the hardihood to deliver itself of a homily on the "mendacious" press that has had occasion to criticize the Roosevelt preachments. After deprecating the "ignoble levels" of certain newspapers the Tribune smugly adds, "Not content with

opposing his doctrines they have impugned his motives, attributing to him the basest of selfish purposes."

Let us suppose the situation were reversed. Let us suppose that a "weak vessel" of the Schrank caliber, after reading the daily output of twaddle, based on the Park insult to intelligence, in which the former head of Princeton University is depicted as opposing higher education for the common people and insisting that the children of the working classes should be held in bondage to do the dirty work of their parents—a monstrous allegation to place in the mouth of a man of Gov. Wilson's liberal tendencies—had been fired by revengeful desires to wipe out the alleged insult to the common people so aspersed? What excuse could the Tribune make if the assassin had pulled out a creased copy of the paper containing the despicable charge and declared that he found his inspiration to kill in that screech? It has been repeated twice, following its positive refutation by the entire membership of the Princeton Club, and with so much venom in its handling as to betray the malice that prompted the publications.

Let us have no false heroics in treating of the deplorable attack on Col. Roosevelt. If he has been unduly scored by eastern papers he was given as good as he sent and in no instance have the criticisms approached in pusillanimity the unfair attacks made on Gov. Wilson by the Los Angeles paper now pointing the finger of accusation at its Atlantic coast contemporaries inimical to the third party candidate. For a conscientious fighter, one who believes in his cause and whose weapons are not poison-tipped we have wholesome respect, however much we may deplore the enlistment, but for a mud-slinging antagonist, who deliberately chooses that mode of warfare, only contempt is aroused. Before presuming to carp at the more or less virile opponents of the Rooseveltian doctrines let the Los Angeles Daily Pecksniff ponder deeply its own derelictions.

TYPICAL OF THE TREND TO WILSON

IF THE case of Grand Army veteran Robert A. Mills of Riverside is typical of many Republicans of his kind it is only a question of majorities in this state and in others for Gov. Wilson. For Mills is a Republican who has been steadfast in his affiliation since Lincoln's time, yet he has notified the Democratic state headquarters that he and his wife, three daughters, two daughters-in-law, seven sons, four sons-in-law and two grandsons, a total of twenty, will vote the straight Democratic ticket this year by way of rebuking the claim-jumpers of the state.

We believe there are plenty of others like him if not so many in a single family. The determination of Taft men to rebuke the third party leaders in California amounts to an obsession and is of widespread extent. In all the professions, in the trades, in the mercantile establishments we have heard the same unvarying story, that, deprived of the right to vote for their candidate they will turn to Wilson. Fully 95 per cent of the Taft vote, we believe, will be so deflected and this is not a wild guess, but is based on the law of averages taken in every direction by scouts and personal soundings.

While third party folly in the state has had much to do in effecting this transference of vote it is more than a mere desire to "get even" that causes so many thinking men and women to take so kindly to the Wilson standard. Here, for example, is Frank Munsey, closely affiliated with the Steel Trust and pronounced standpatter, testifying that he contributed \$118,000 to Roosevelt's pre-convention campaign. It is a big sum of money. Mr. Munsey reflects the mental attitude of his confreres who think as he does

on the tariff question and whose money is with his in the acquisition of the New York Press, ostensibly a Munsey purchase. Neither Munsey nor Perkins nor the unnamed ones behind either want tariff revision downward and the consumers of the country now turning in shoals to Wilson have come to a realizing sense of what to expect. The free trade bugaboo does not scare them; they know there will be no change in the fiscal policy of the country, but only a smart weeding out of the over-protected plants. They want to see the little fellows given a chance. California will not indorse the monopolistic theories of the third party leader nor do they admire his attitude on the tariff.

TARIFF-FOR-REVENUE-ONLY ISSUE

TERSELY and intelligently Mr. Bryan's Commoner, in the current issue, points out the difference between a tariff for revenue only and the protection fallacy. In refuting the attempt to saddle free trade doctrines on the Democratic candidate despite his disclaimer, the Commoner points out that none of the parties in this country is advocating free trade and in challenging the standpat Republicans and third party followers to meet the real issue the false issue is disclosed. A revenue tariff is levied for the purpose of collecting revenue; it is laid for that purpose and does not go beyond the mark set. A protective tariff, on the contrary, is levied primarily for protection, the revenue being incidental. It may be so levied as to prove a burden upon the people without raising any revenue. It makes considerable difference to the public whether the duty is fixed for the purpose of raising a revenue or for protecting a competing manufacturer.

In demanding a reduction in the tariff the Democrats have pledged the party to effect a speedy lowering of the duties on the necessities of life. Second, articles entering into competition with trust controlled articles should be put on the free list, and to the free list should be added the articles which are sold abroad more cheaply than at home. Discretionary use of the free list as a means of protecting the people from the exactions of the trusts calls for commendation, not adverse criticism. The old theory that competition at home would give consumers the benefit of low prices has been long since exploded. Protected by the tariff wall manufacturers have entered into a combine to take from the people the highest toll possible. Gov. Wilson insists on giving relief from these conditions. Messrs. Taft and Roosevelt are for continuing the same old milking process. Originally, protection was urged as a patriotic measure, for the benefit of infant industries, and on that appeal it was finally introduced. In the early days of the experiment it was admitted that if, after a fair trial, it was found that the industry could not, when established, maintain itself in the face of open competition with the world, then the system should be discontinued.

But the system bred a monster. The protective policy has been the most corrupting force in American politics, it is truthfully stated, leading to the subsidizing of newspapers and to the cultivation of a public opinion that has put a price upon suffrage. For the favors the protection policy would bestow upon the individual he was to repay by voting for its continuation. To the manufacturer the returns were in millions, to the laborer increased wages, to give which the country was to vote that it was profitable to tax itself permanently to produce at a high price that which it can purchase abroad at a lower price. This economic fallacy is so apparent that it is difficult to see how any student of the real issue now confronting the people—the consumers—can hesitate in arriving at a conclusion. Yet the third party bigots in this state, in their anxiety to defeat Wilson, profess to believe it will be a calamity if the tariff-for-revenue-only system supplants the one-sided protection policy that is costing the masses so dearly.

We have seen how ready the beneficiaries are to pay handsomely the party that insures them their tariff wall, behind which they conduct their plundering tactics. The large campaign contributions were

given for a purpose—to insure a maintenance of the fifty-year-old high tariff system. There was no bargaining, of course not; the party platform was enough, that pledged itself to a continuance of the mulcting of the many for the benefit of the few. Gov. Wilson is opposed to this manner of writing the tariff laws; he would make them less one-sided; i.e. proposes to let the consumers have an equal voice in their framing. That his policies will be bitterly opposed by the entrenched interests goes without saying, but with the courage of his beliefs, gained after intelligent study of the economic questions so vitally concerning the people, he may be trusted to carry them into effect when he is President. This is the real issue of the campaign, however much the opposing camps may seek to divert public attention from the true scent.

DIRE NEED OF NEW PUBLIC OFFICIAL

PITY the poor agriculturist! In New York state a South New Berlin farmer has served indignant notice on a trespassing telephone company to remove its poles from his acres, adding, "I also give notice you must move holes also off my lan." This is the spirit of '76 redivivus! Not only the poles, but the holes, too, must go or, by heck! there will be trouble. We who have seen the holes left by careless ditch diggers along our public thoroughfares, whose permit called for a replacing of the street in first class condition, can sympathize with the determined attitude of the York state farmer to have the holes removed along with the poles. He knows a public nuisance when he sees it, as do the more sophisticated and oftener tried urban dwellers.

Holes of all kinds are to be deprecated. Those in one's bank account, for example, or in one's hosiery are equally embarrassing on occasions. So easy to make, so hard to remove. When Gov. Wilson is fairly established in the White House one of our first efforts at reforms will be to urge upon him the propriety and wisdom of adding a new bureau to the department of the interior—that of Public Hole Mover. This complaint of the South New Berlin farmer has made a profound impression upon us and not until his rights and those of others of his ilk are in a way to be restored shall we cease importuning in aid of the downtrodden and oppressed agriculturist.

Along with the poles the holes! should be the battle cry. Here is a farmer whose domain has been invaded by a telephone corporation. On the line of his back forty is strung, surreptitiously, while he is off at the county fair, belike, exhibiting his fat porkers or prize pumpkins, a row of pale green poles whose shadows give promise of inciting to an unsatisfactory corn crop. To his verbal request to "get out o' here" with the pesky intruders, no notice is taken. He writes to the county paper. Still the poles remain. He then addresses the offending company as stated demanding that not only the poles but the holes be removed. With ill-concealed interest we await further developments. If the company fails to comply we propose to make this an issue in the coming congress.

MORE TROUBLE FOR MADERO

EXIT Diaz; enter Madero. Exit Madero; re-enter Diaz. At least, this is the interpretation to be placed on the latest "rebellion" in Mexico, headed by Gen. Felix Diaz, a nephew of the former dictator-president. Whether the "new" ruler shall be the nephew or the uncle is immaterial to the forces opposing Madero whose slight grasp of the reins of office never was more apparent than in the present uprising resulting in the easy capture of Vera Cruz, the chief port of entry into Mexico. Uneasiness at the national capital over the loyalty of the federal troops seems to be based on well grounded beliefs that Diaz sentiment pervades the army, the desertion of two battalions to the new leader's standard, giving evidence of what may be expected later.

On the campaign against Diaz and the attempt to recapture Vera Cruz much depends. Failure to make swift and decisive end of the Diaz movement is bound to result disastrously to the present regime. If the troops can be held loyal to the established gov-

ernment all may yet be well with Madero, but any serious defections in this crisis, other than those already noted, will mean a summary collapse of the cabinet and the enforced retirement of the president. The investment of Vera Cruz by Diaz without resistance would seem to confirm his statement that the military and civil leaders have invited him to head a movement for the establishment of peace. Without personal ambition to rule, but with the sole desire to restore peace to the country, the younger Diaz says he has accepted the leadership. He announces that he plans to deliver the government of Mexico "into the hands of the man whom the Mexican people really want to rule their destinies."

But is the elder Diaz physically able to undertake such responsibility? Disturbing rumors of his mental lapses reached the north in the last year of his administration and there were those who did not hesitate to say that Porfirio Diaz was afflicted with a form of aphasia to such an extent that few of his official acts in the period mentioned really took their initiative from him. Last month he celebrated his eighty-second birthday and at that advanced age even a Porfirio Diaz is unfitted to cope with the difficult situations that are bound to confront any successor to Madero. There is a feeling that the nephew is hardly frank in his protestations. He appears to be finessing on the prestige of his father's brother.

GLANCE AT PROPOSED COUNTY CHARTER

ANSWERING several inquiries relative to the proposed charter for Los Angeles county, to be voted upon November 5, we can assure our correspondents that the instrument prepared by the board of freeholders for submission to the people in nowise trends upon the subject of consolidation of city and county. Even if the entire freehold board had been in favor of a merger the state constitution inhibits the vaguest reference to the question. Consolidation is a matter wholly apart from the charter and is before the people in a proposed amendment to the constitution and is the sixth proposition on the ballot requiring the attention of the electorate. As we have repeatedly shown it is an insidious measure that should be overwhelmingly rejected.

As a whole the new charter has much to recommend it; only in spots is it defective and unsatisfactory. Of distinct merit is the plan to abolish the fee system of compensation for officers, whose emolument is to be in fixed stipend, all fees collected by them to be turned into the county treasury. Another corrective measure is the merging of the sheriff's process officers and of all constables in a constabulary department, subject to the sheriff's orders. This will remove a long standing source of friction among the county police. In centralizing authority more nearly in the board of supervisors the county government is a step nearer the commission form of government that has proved popular in many cities and which Pasadena has voted to put into effect next spring. Its value is to fix responsibility more accurately in the event of misgovernment. Another excellent innovation is the provision for a road commissioner who, while subject to the general direction of the supervisors, will have direct charge of the roads in the county. Its effect will be toward greater uniformity of maintenance of roads, highways and bridges. The roadmaster will be held responsible for contract work which, if accepted and found unworthy, will at once reflect upon his administration, thus giving the supervisors opportunity to apply prompt corrective measures.

We are not enamored of Article IX relating to civil service. By what process of reasoning was it concluded that teachers in the county schools should be left in the unclassified service? We can understand why the superintendent and principals should be exempt from classification, but the teachers ought to have been placed under civil service rules in our humble opinion and in this respect the charter is defective. Whether or not the plan to compensate delinquents for enforced labor is a wise or vicious plan remains to be seen. Presumably, the cost to the county for board and lodging and attendance is to be charged

to each derelict and the net resultant remitted to his dependants. What constitutes "reasonable" compensation for this type of labor may prove a bone of contention. Let us hope that no dissatisfaction with the per diem stipulated will send our "enforced" laborers out on strike.

Interdiction of private law practice to the district attorney, public defender, county counsel and their deputies, with a demand for their full time and attention to the duties of their respective offices is commendable. In view of past lapses in this regard, with resulting scandals, it is a wise provision. On the whole the charter is worthy of acceptance and with the chief exception of the elimination of school teachers from the civil service classified list appears to be carefully considered. We should like to know why this important exception was made. The short ballot principles are indorsed by the elimination of many offices heretofore elective. Outside of the board of supervisors the people will elect only the sheriff, district attorney and assessor. The charter is to take effect the first Monday in June, 1913. The work of the board of freeholders, in the main, is satisfactory and should be ratified.

DRAMA LEAGUE AND DRAMA LITERATURE

PLAINTS concerning the theater are frequently heard. The manager, the "star-system" and the critics are severally and collectively blamed. But it remained for a small group of interested women in Evanston, Illinois, to decide that the trouble might be with audiences. Out of this idea has grown the Drama League of America, an organization aiming to prepare audiences for good drama, which, by the way, does not mean dull drama, nor "highbrow" drama. The idea is purely constructive; it is in no particular a censorship. The league neither condemns nor criticizes adversely any play, but by its presence it assures to any meritorious production, a solid, appreciative audience, trained to know good work and willing to uphold it in terms that the box office cannot mistake.

There is a playgoing committee which attends the first night performances. If the play is artistic, well written and well acted, a bulletin of approval is sent out to each member of the Drama League before noon of the second day. This report is independent of any influence except a love for and belief in the stage and the aim is solely to build up a concrete audience for good drama. It will be a guide to the playgoer and a source of encouragement to the actor who is glad to do his best for those who want it. For students of drama there are courses of reading outlined by Brander Mathews, who is in charge of the educational department, lists of plays in all languages and valuable information upon every point touching the theater. Branches have been formed in twenty-six states and the idea has proved its soundness wherever tried.

Los Angeles has recently been included in the list of adherents to this educational movement, a branch having been established in that city of which a Pasadena woman was honored with the presidency. Even as managers, actors and playwrights elsewhere have united in approving the workings of the League so this southwest section of the country is certain to recognize the benefits resulting from such affiliation and it is hoped that a large interest will be aroused in the immediate radius of its sphere of influence. This is a theater going community and with Los Angeles rapidly attaining a reputation as a "tryout" point its judgment upon plays is not without importance. Lovers of the drama and especially of good drama are urged to become associate members of the new branch league. The dues are nominal, only one dollar a year, entitling those in affiliation to all the printed matter issued by the League national headquarters at Chicago as well as the local bulletins.

That interest in the drama is far greater today than ever before in the history of the stage is attested in a singular way. One of the largest retail booksellers in Los Angeles, whose exclusive book store is second to none in size and importance this side of Chicago, is authority for the statement that

his output of books on the drama and modern plays reaches into the thousands annually and the demand for this kind of literature is growing so rapidly that the sale of works of fiction has suffered a marked setback in consequence. The educated public taste seems to crave life in action, the motives that impel characters rather than the psychological dissertations of the novelist. The man with a message presented in dramatic form is sure of an audience these days as never before. We do not mean to say that the drama-story will supersede the novel, but we do maintain that the demand for serious literature in dramatic form is rapidly attaining a vogue that has impelled reputable publishers to make radical changes of policy so that the once-rejected reading-play is now becoming a thing of such importance that it promises to take precedence of the novel both with the publisher and the public.

CUNNING TRAP FOR THE HEEDLESS

ATENTION of citizens is called to the seventh (initiative) measure, to be submitted directly to electors, as it appears on the sample ballots sheets. The opening phraseology reads, "An act to prohibit bookmaking and pool-seeing and to provide for the appointment of a state racing commission." We can see hundreds of pillars of the church, brethren and sisters, eagerly stamping their approval of this insidious measure by the application of the cross-mark in the upper, affirmative square. They, perhaps, have been so busy in other directions that the warnings of the daily newspapers to avoid this trap have been neglected, which is what the crafty backers of the measure are fondly hoping will be the case.

For this act to "prohibit" is really an act to license public gambling on horse-races, not by bookmaking and pool-selling—that interdiction is correctly stated—but by the no less insidious Paris mutual and auction system of wagering. We are willing to admit that it is a less pernicious form of betting than that of playing the "bookies," in that the odds against the gambler are reduced, but the difference in principle is not prodigious. Crooked jockeys and unscrupulous owners may still combine to defraud the public whenever the incentive is great enough.

Horse-racing, per se, is a glorious sport; none better. But horse-racing alone is not profitable to the promoters. The betting element must be enticed to make the game pay. If only those who could afford to gamble attended, the legislature could afford to fold its hands and make no effort to suppress the sport; but it has a duty to perform toward the weaker-minded who would gamble themselves into the penitentiary in short order if given half a chance. That is why the state prohibits faro, keno and other gambling devices that formerly had wide-open vogue. The duty of the strong is to protect the weak and in performing this office the strong have to suffer deprivation also. We advise our readers to beware of the seventh proposition on the ballot awaiting their decision. It is a cunning trap set for the uninformed.

WHY LOS ANGELES SUFFERS

BITTER arraignment of the Alexander administration in Los Angeles has been made by the Times and after due allowance for the anti-Alexander sentiment there still remains a large measure of truth in the citations set out by our calined contemporary. Ignoring the mass of charges, while admitting their partial justification in fact, we find indubitable cause for complaint in the execrable policy of the city administration in regard to the San Pedro street franchise. For two years the congestion on Main street has been acute, but the wobbly Alexander has lacked the courage or the intelligence to demand of his city council a solution of the problem. As with his several bedeviled commissions he has allowed the legislative body to back and fill, to higggle and haggle without executive interference. He has proved worse than useless as a municipal head.

As for the city council no member dare give honest expression to his sentiments or if he does attempt to do so he is immediately pounced upon by a self-appointed delegate from one of the numerous "good"

government clubs and threatened with the recall or similar dire visitation so that a retreat is quickly effected by the beleaguered councilman. Pandora's box never let loose half so many troubles as the adoption of the direct legislation bludgeon has effected. Good as an insurance it has degenerated into a form of blackmail with the result that even the most upright official is afraid to do justice to his convictions for fear of reprisal. Los Angeles is good-government-club cursed. If it isn't one body that threatens it is another; all types of thinkers are represented from those who think they think to the ones who know they do.

Los Angeles would have a municipal railroad and it must run along San Pedro street from Ninth to First. Why? God knows. If a municipal railroad is so desirable Ninth street or Tenth street as a place of departure is preferable to First. As a freight conveyer we fail to see where it can earn its salt. It will have no connecting links. Goods shipped from the east via the canal or from abroad direct to San Pedro usually are routed through to Los Angeles over established lines able to reciprocate in kind. The merchant gets his consignment on a through bill of lading. He might favor the municipal road never so much and still be unable to use it, since it would entail an additional freight rate, thereby placing him at a disadvantage with his competitor. Theoretically, a municipal road to the port is a beautiful thing; practically, we cannot see how it can pay interest on the steel rails or the first cost of installing the terminals. As for the operating expenses a big deficit is the only outlook.

Besides, one elephant at a time. Already, the city has shouldered a big burden and a wholly unnecessary one in the Owens River enterprise. Until that is completed and made self-supporting it is supreme folly to attempt a second undertaking of an equally problematical nature. Meanwhile, the entire city with the profitable suburban traffic is exasperated by the congestion that could easily be remedied if Mayor Alexander were firm instead of being merely obstinate. The proposed franchise amply protects the city. Poor Los Angeles!

ABSOLUTION FOR PARTY DEFECTION

SEVERAL weeks ago we called attention to the action of disfranchised Republicans in South Dakota who, at a mass meeting held in Mitchell, passed resolutions formally absolving all Republicans in the state from obligation to vote for the alleged Republican candidates for congress and the legislature and for the electors who are pledged to the third party candidate. We commended this action to the similarly disfranchised Republicans in California and suggested that it was a method of procedure that might be adopted with good results.

Since then, and following the supreme court ruling, the Republican Club of Sacramento has held a meeting, passing resolutions in sympathy with the Mitchell pronouncement and in other northern cities like action has been taken. In this county we find additional indorsement of our suggestion by action of the Taft Republican Club, both city and county committeemen declaring in favor of a resolution which, after stating that regulars who wished could write in the names of the Taft electors added, that if they preferred to vote for Wilson electors they could do so in the existing emergency, "without impairing their loyalty as Republicans or their standing as honest citizens."

We apprehend there will be few Republicans so foolish as to endanger their votes by writing in the names of Taft electors. Not one in a hundred will deliberately give Roosevelt a half vote in this manner. A vote for Taft is a menace; a vote for Wilson does double duty; it serves to rebuke the third party claim-jumpers and at the same time aids by that much in electing a true progressive. What Sacramento, Los Angeles and other cities and counties have done is reflective of the sentiment of the rank-and-file Republicans in the state and gives assurance of the correctness of our forecast that 100,000 Taft Republicans will turn to Wilson November 5.

John M. Synge's Lively Symbolic Comedies---By Randolph Bartlett

(SECOND OF A SERIES OF PAPERS ON SYNGE, YEATS AND LADY GREGORY--FIFTEENTH PAPER ON MODERN DRAMA)

I'LL say, a strange man is a marvel, with his mighty talk; but what's a squabble in your back-yard, and the blow of a loy, have taught me that there's a great gap between a gallous story and a dirty deed."

Thus does Miss Margaret Flaherty, better known as Pegeen Mike, sum up the essence of "The Playboy of the Western World," for the writing of which John M. Synge has been called everything from the Irish Judas Iscariot to the greatest of all modern dramatists—and probably he was neither the one thing nor the other. In one thing, however, he is absolutely alone in his class—he is the one dramatist who has succeeded in writing a symbolic farce comedy. Tragedy is nearly always symbolic, drama is often symbolic, but I know of no other dramatist who has succeeded in writing between the rushing lines of a merry farce, a symbol so distinct and universal as is the actuating motive in the adventures of Christy Mahon, playboy. This gives rise to the natural question—why is it that the possession of a big idea almost invariably makes a writer grow serious, discursive, argumentative—often tedious? Whatever the answer is, that is the reason so many of the greatest of the modern plays, judged by the value of their ideas alone, are doomed to obscurity so far as the stage is concerned. Acted drama loses its hold as soon as its characters begin to talk in abstract terms. What the public wants is to see the characters do things, and to be allowed to draw its own conclusions as to their motives. It is the inability to translate ideas into terms of action that has given the world its drama of ideas, as distinct from its drama of illusion. In "The Playboy of the Western World" the two characteristics are merged, and Synge's play is as actable as it is readable.

Michael James Flaherty has a shebeen, or public house, on the wild coast of County Mayo, on the western edge of Ireland. He has a handsome daughter, called Pegeen Mike in the vernacular, who is informally betrothed to a prosperous farmer, Shawn Keough, a mild, inoffensive youth. One dark night comes Christy Mahon, a timorous young man, to the shebeen, intimating that he has done something that makes him fear the police may be after him. This gives him caste (Mayo is not in Ulster), and, pressed by Pegeen for an account of his act, he declares that he killed his father with a single blow from a "loy" or long narrow spade, because of incessant persecution. He impresses his hearers with the heroic quality of the deed, and promptly becomes a local idol. Pegeen is dazzled, her Shawn outshone, and she does not attempt to disguise her satisfaction when Michael James engages Christy as pot-boy of the tavern. In vain are the protests of Shawn that it is not the way for a single woman to behave, and in vain the blandishments lavished upon Christy by Shawn's cousin, the sprightly Widow Quin, widowed through striking her husband with a rusty pick causing blood-poisoning. ("A sneaky kind of murder did win small glory with the boys itself," declares Pegeen contemptuously.) Christy becomes a fixture at the shebeen. How he is looked upon by the people of the neighborhood is best shown in a scene where three girls come bringing him presents:

SARA. And asking your pardon, is it you's the man killed his father?

CHRISTY (Sidling toward the nail where the glass was hanging). I am, God help me!

SARA (Taking eggs she has bought). Then my thousand welcomes to you, and I've run up with a brace of duck's eggs for your food today. Pegeen's ducks is no use, but these are the real rich sort. Hold out your hand and you'll see it's no lie I'm telling you.

CHRISTY (Coming forward slyly, and holding out his left hand). They're a great and weighty size.

SUSAN. And I run up with a pat of butter, for it'd be a poor thing to have you eating your spuds dry, and you after running a great way since you did destroy your da.

CHRISTY. Thank you kindly.

HONOR. And I bought you a little cut of cake, for you should have a thin stomach on you, and you that length walking the world.

NELLY. And I bought you a little laying pullet—boiled and all she is—was crushed at the fall of night by the curate's car. Feel the fat of that breast, mister.

CHRISTY. It's bursting, surely. (He feels it with the back of his hand, in which he holds the presents.)

SARA. Will you pinch it? Is your right hand too sacred for to use at all? (She slips round behind him.) It's a glass he has. Well, I never seen to this day a man with a looking-glass held to his back. Them that kills their fathers is a vain lot surely. (Girls giggle.)

CHRISTY (Smiling innocently and piling pres-

ents on glass). I'm very thankful to you all to-day—

WIDOW QUIN (Coming in quickly, at door). Sara Tansey, Susan Brady, Honor Blake! What in glory has you here at this hour of day?

GIRLS (Giggling). That's the man killed his father.

WIDOW QUIN (Coming to them). I know well it's the man; and I'm after putting him down in the sports below for racing, leaping, pitching, and the Lord knows what.

SARA (exuberantly). That's right, Widow Quin. I'll bet my dowry that he'll lick the world.

WIDOW QUIN. If you will, you'd have a right to have him fresh and nourished in place of nursing a feast. (Taking presents.) Are you fasting or fed, young fellow?

CHRISTY. Fasting, if you please.

WIDOW QUIN (Loudly). Well, you're the lot. Stir up now and give him his breakfast. (To Christy). Come here to me. (She puts him on bench beside her while the girls make tea and get his breakfast.) Let you tell us your story before Pegeen will come, in place of grinning your ears off like the moon of May.

CHRISTY (Beginning to be pleased). It's a long story; you'd be destroyed listening.

WIDOW QUIN. Don't be letting on to be shy, a fine, gamey, treacherous lad the like of you. Was it in your house beyond you cracked his skull?

Christy's timorousness disappears. Thawing out before the warmth of his reception in the community, he becomes, first of all, considerable of a poet. He fairly talks the impressionable Pegeen off her feet, gaining her confidence as well as self-confidence, with every word. He enters the sports, and wins all the events, running, leaping, riding and what not, under this high stimulus. He proposes marriage to Pegeen, and is accepted, with the consent of her father who never had any great admiration for Shawn, being what would be designated in the land of free speech as "a sport." Michael, on this momentous occasion, says to Christy:

It's many would be in dread to bring your like into their house to end them, maybe, with a sudden end; but I'm a decent man of Ireland, and I liefer face the grave untimely and I seeing a score of grandsons growing up little gallant swearers by the name of God, than go peopling my bedside with puny weeds the like of what you'd breed, I'm thinking, out of Shaneen Keough. (He joins their hands.) A daring fellow is the jewel of the world, and a man did split his father's middle with a single clout, should have the bravery of ten, so may God and Mary and St. Patrick bless you, an increase you from this mortal day.

At this dramatic moment there enters Christy's father, who was not "split to the middle," but only cut over the head, and he is seeking vengeance upon his son. Finding how they have been deceived, the neighbors taunt Christy to madness, and siezing a loy he chases his father out of the shebeen and strikes him down. Now while this was the selfsame deed for which they had made him their hero, it is a different thing when enacted before their eyes, and the people tie the lad and prepare to take him away to the officers of the law. Again, however, the head of the senior Mahon has proved its power of resistance, Christy is freed, and he departs bullying his father, leaving the folk to ponder these words:

If you're after making a mighty man of me this day by the power of a lie, you're setting me now to think if it's a poor thing to be lonesome, it's worse maybe to go mixing with the fools of earth—You've turned me a likely gaffer in the end of all, the way I'll go romancing through a romping lifetime from this hour to the dawning of the judgment day.

In all this, what certain of the wild Irish seemed to object to, was the impression they received that Synge wanted to make the world think that parricide was considered a virtue in Ireland. There is about as much reason in this as to suppose that Schnitzler would have us believe all Viennese bachelors are immoral like "Anatol," or that Galsworthy has tried to prove in "The Pigeon" that all public charity is a mistake. To me there are two alternatives in reading "The Playboy." The first is that it is a pure farce comedy, and the second, that, while it is always more or less presumptuous on the part of the reviewer to impute motives to a dramatist, I do presume to believe that Synge desired to ridicule that part of the public which glories in romance. Synge was a stern realist. He had no patience with a "gallous story"—a thrilling tale—and he simply desired to show in crude and forceful terms, that romance lost its charm when carried out "in your back-yard," and while Christy's story of the slaying of his father in County Kerry might make fine listening, he need not think he can splash paternal blood upon the shebeen in Mayo. The spirit which Synge lampoons is that which causes otherwise sensible women to rave over actors, cultured girls to elope with menials, and

well-meaning persons to grow maudlin over criminals and favor the abolition of capital punishment. We seek in vain for an instance where an individual who has lost a loved one through wanton slaying, and yet thinks that the world has outgrown the Mosaic law.

This, then, is the symbolism of "The Playboy of the Western World"—the public glorification of a fantastic story, and the swift condemnation of a "dirty deed." That the drama is clothed in characters and scenes of County Mayo is an accident of environment. Synge could as well have staged it in almost any western American state of fifty years ago, or any other new country. But he knew Ireland, and placed it there, and the wild Irish, which is vociferous out of all proportion to its numbers and intelligence, decided it was an allegorical attack upon the Irish people, stigmatizing them as liars and worshippers of liars. Taking it in its symbolic sense, however, it loses this sting of local application, and it would be more logical for the entire world to hurl its maledictions upon Synge's play because it is a universal weakness he has exposed. There is no evidence in any form, of an attempt by Synge to create an allegory of Irish life. Were this the case one could sympathize with an outburst of national indignation, but when the characters manifestly are purely individual and not allegorical, it is rank folly for the Celt to take offence. This view in later days seems to have taken hold, and I believe the play has been given in Ireland without any disturbances.

In "The Well of the Saints" Synge has told a scarcely less fantastic story, although it is much simpler in construction. Martin and Mary Doul, an aged couple, blind beggars, ugly of visage, have built up about themselves a world of their own. Martin believes his wrinkled crone of a wife is the handsomest woman in the country, and she cherishes a similar mental picture of him. The people of the neighborhood encourage them in their beliefs. A saint happens along one day, and cures their blindness. When they see each other as they really are, disgust breeds hatred and crowds out the regard that passed for something akin to affection. They get into various sorts of trouble, and at last their newly acquired sight deserts them. In the darkness again, they gravitate toward each other and their old haunts and begin to patch up a new land of fancy out of the ruins. The saint returns, and desires to perform the miracle a second time, saying that the second cure is always permanent. They have a stormy scene, and Martin and Mary try to get away. In this bit of dialogue, Martin makes clear his attitude toward the restoration of his sight:

MARTIN DOUL. We're not asking our sight, holy father, and let you walk on your own way, and be fasting, or praying, or doing anything that you like, but leave us here in our peace, at the crossing of the roads, for it's best we are this way, and we're not asking to see.

SAINT (To the people). Is his mind gone that he's no wish to be cured this day, or to be living or working, or looking on the wonders of the world?

MARTIN DOUL. It's wonders enough I seen in a short space for the life of one man only.

SAINT (Severely). I never heard tell of any person would't have great joy to be looking on the earth, and the image of the Lord thrown upon men.

MARTIN DOUL (Raising his voice). Them is great sights, holy father—What was it I seen when I first opened my eyes but your bleeding feet, and they cut with the stones? That was a great sight, maybe, of the image of God—And what was it I seen my last day but the villainy of hell looking out from the eyes of the girl you're coming to marry—the Lord forgive you—with Timmy the smith. That was a great sight, maybe. And wasn't it great sights I seen on the roads when the north winds would be driving, and the skies would be harsh, till you's see the horses and the asses, and the dogs itself, maybe, with their heads hanging, and they closing their eyes—

SAINT. And did you never hear tell of the summer, and the fine spring, and the places where the holy men of Ireland have built up churches to the Lord? No man isn't a madman, I'm thinking, would be talking the like of that, and wishing to be closed up and seeing no sight of the grand glittering seas, and the furze that is opening above, and will soon have the hills shining as if it was fine creels of gold they were, rising to the sky.

MARTIN DOUL. Is it talking now you are of Knock and Ballavore? Ah, it's ourselves had finer sights than the like of them, I'm telling you, when we were sitting a while back hearing the birds and bees humming in every weed of the ditch, or when we'd be smelling the sweet, beautiful smell does be rising in the warm nights, when you do hear the swift flying things racing in the air, till we'd be looking up in our own minds into a grand sky, and seeing lakes, and big rivers, and fine hills for taking the plough.

Martin succeeds in having his way, and spills the

holy water so that Mary is made immune from the disaster as well. Then the two of them pass on together, to live in their own way.

Here, then, is the parallel to a thing Ibsen did, bewildering many of his admirers who were unable to see that there are two sides to every question. After having shown the superiority of the apostle of truth to the mob in "An Enemy of the People," he allowed a similar idealist in "The Wild Duck" to go about making his acquaintances see things as they were with disastrous results. Synge, after having drawn attention in "The Playboy" to the ridiculous results of worshipping romance, in "The Well of the Saints" seems to be proving that there are those to whom romance is the only natural condition, and he makes one feel intense satisfaction in contemplating the blind beggars going on through life with their blindness.

It is doubtful, however, if this somewhat obvious interpretation of "The Well of the Saints" is the one Synge himself intended. More satisfying is the view that he used blindness as a symbol of the inability to grasp the realities of life, rather than the foundation for a fantastic world of romance, and what he is striving to show is that continually to dwell in such a state eventually will unfit one for every-day living. Martin Doull could not see the joy of the saint's life, but only his bleeding feet; he could not see in the handsome Molly Byrne anything but a temptation. He had dwelt too long in the darkness to adjust himself to the light. It would seem to be a warning to those who live in Spanish castles to move before it is too late. This is a more logical interpretation of the symbol than the glorification of romance, which has been suggested.

Altogether "The Well of the Saints" recalls forcibly the words of the vagrant Ferrand in Galsworthy's "The Pigeon," when he says "For most people to see anything clearly is fatal." Synge modifies this into the proposition that for people who have been accustomed to seeing not at all, suddenly to see clearly is fatal.

These two plays are delightful in the sweep of language, as soon as you become accustomed to the elision of the relative pronouns, and other little peculiar terms of dialect. It is the voice of the people of the soil that Synge uses, and it vibrates with truth and is woven with gorgeous images. Christy Mahon, Pegeen Mike, and Martin Doull have no counterparts in our literature, and it is a great pity that their creator should have died when he was just in the full of his creative prime.

Next week—Synge's tragedies ("Dierdre of the Sorrows," "Riders to the Sea" and "The Shadow of the Glen.")

PARIS GARDENS AND FRENCH LANDLORDS

IN MY article on Paris gardens, which was published in these columns last winter, I made mention of those hidden gardens of which Paris is so full. One catches a furtive glimpse of them through an ancient doorway or from the window of an apartment which, from the street side, looks prosaic enough. They form a distinctive feature of Paris which is shared by no other city of my acquaintance. It is no less wonderful than charming to find these lovely spaces devoted to nature, to trees and flowers and plants, right in the middle of this busy old city, and one soon gets the desire to find an apartment which has the advantage of windows overlooking such an open space.

I visited several musicians here,—Debussy, Dukas, Widor,—and found them rejoicing in a charming outlook of this nature, and I asked myself seriously why I, too, who love nature as every Californian—whether born or adopted—must, why I, too, should not get a place like that. At first sight it looked easy. Everywhere, there are gardens and everywhere there are apartments to let; it only remains to find the combination.

But there was the hitch. From the street one never knows where there is likely to be a garden. They spring up just where one least expects them. Real estate men, in our sense of the word, are unknown in Paris. Useless to apply to those that are here, for they never have the least idea about the details one particularly wants to be informed upon; and such things as sunshine and green trees are utterly negligible details to these earth-worms of the real estate market.

Finally, I struck upon just what I wanted in a most curious way. A friend of mine told me that a friend of a friend of his was just vacating a very nice apartment and wanted to dispose of the lease. No mention was made of either sun or garden, but the proposition seemed otherwise attractive and I asked my friend to get me the address. But I was not willing to wait for it. He gave me an idea of the neighborhood and, as I was near it, I thought I would just wander around a little and perhaps be able to locate the place for myself, a thing that ought

not to be excessively difficult since the houses here always put out a sign in front, "Appartement a louer."

So I wandered about from street to street and went in wherever there was a sign. There were many such and I visited many apartments, but none of them was in the least like the ideal I had pictured to myself or the description I had received at second hand from my friend.

Finally, I wandered into a place that seemed just the thing. I asked the "conciierge" whether the apartment was being sublet.

"Yes," he answered.

"And are the people foreigners?"

"Yes."

"Americans?"

"Ah! that—I don't know. But they are foreigners. Do you want to look at the apartment?"

I said I would. So, with the "conciierge," I went up to the first floor and looked at the apartment, or rather, to be exact, I looked not at the apartment but out of the apartment, for the prospect was charming. Mentally, I took the apartment right then and there. Whether it was large enough or small enough or cheap enough or warm enough made no difference at all to me. Why? Simply because the back windows looked out on endless gardens and the front windows looked out on a park, an offshoot of the Bois de Boulogne.

Well, I finally got the apartment, and I need not tell you all of the complicated details of the transaction. I found out that the tenants were not Americans but Austrians, hence the difficulty of coming to an understanding, for we all mistrusted each other. I found out also that the apartment was not within a mile of the one recommended by my friend's friend. But that, of course, made no difference, for had I not attained my hidden garden?

No one looking at the prosaic front of these houses would have the faintest idea that there could be such splendid trees, lawns and hedges in the rear. It is that which makes the finding of such a place so difficult. It is true that you get a glimpse of it through the porte-cochere, but that may be seen in many houses, and when you get inside you find it is only a tiny court with two or three carefully preserved trees and lilac or rose bushes.

I cannot tell you exactly what is in this garden space behind our house. At a guess I would say that the whole space consisted of private properties. The only houses visible from our rear windows (at least at this time of year when there are leaves on the tree) are two private residences, one small one quite near us, and a larger one in the background, both separated from us and from each other by fences or hedges. To the left, the ground sinks down into a sort of glade in which is made a beautifully kept lawn. Part of a roof is there visible through the trees, but I cannot make out whether it is a villa or a red-roofed stable. At all events, the effect is exactly as if we were living in a quiet suburb.

This enclosure, built up on all sides with apartment houses four or five stories high in uniform rows, is an irregular quadrangle with unequal sides. The side on which I live is 500 yards long, the north end 100 yards long, the other two sides 300 each. Of course, these dimensions give but a vague idea of the shape. I can only say that this shape is very much that of a kite, and that we have the advantage of being at the broadest part.

My bed room looks out on this garden space and faces south. In the early morning I am awakened by the chirping of the birds with which these splendid locust trees, which still show no touch of the autumn cold that has denuded many of the other varieties, are filled. The early morning sun peeps in my window and, for a moment, I can almost imagine myself back in California. I long for the song of the mocking bird, but if these birds do not sing they chirp prettily and add greatly to the charm of this rural scene.

My dining-room and parlor, and the study in which I am writing this, all look out over the park, from which we are separated by the railroad track of the line known as the "Ceinture," i. e. belt line, which circles the city, connecting all of the various stations. This might seem an objection, but I do not mind trains.

The park consists of a playground surrounded by tall trees. I think there are houses on the other side of it, but I will know that better when I have had time to walk about a little, or when the leaves are all off of the trees. There is a marble statue over there, surrounded by shrubbery and a low rustic fence, but I cannot make out the subject. The playground is always filled with children who enliven the scene and make it hard to work here by the window. For the constant temptation is to watch them. Sunday afternoons there is a band concert somewhere over there in a bandstand which is hidden by the foliage. We hear the music faintly when the windows are open, but it is getting too cold to have them open long.

This is the ideal side of it. The practical side is

no less interesting. When I got ready to move I found out a number of astonishing things. In the first place one is not permitted to move from one part of Paris to another until the taxes for the year are paid up in full. Goodness only knows why! It seems a law without any sense or foundation. Then it appears that when you move out of an apartment no allowance whatever is made for wear and tear and you are required by law to put the apartment into the condition in which you received it. This seemed so utterly preposterous that I made inquiries about it and found it to be quite true. One man told me that he was required on leaving his apartment to paint and paper it and even to take out the electric wiring which he had put in at his own expense and which you would think the landlord would consider an improvement and be glad to have. And this man was in the same apartment nine years! I think myself that he made the mistake of taking the Paris landlord at his word. My landlord made the same demand, but I did not take him at his word. What he wanted was not for me to take the wiring out but to give him the money to have it taken out. I knew perfectly well that he had rented the apartment to the new tenant with the electricity and that he had even raised the rent on the strength of it. So I said: "all right," only I could not give him the money, I would take it out myself. I also told him that before doing so I would take the matter to a lawyer and call the new tenant as witness. So it ended up by my paying my landlord nothing. But, just think! the man he sent to inspect the apartment when I left it accused me of stealing a stationary washstand, basing his accusation on the fact that there were pipes in the bathroom, probably placed there when the house was built in case the tenant should want a stationary stand, for it is the custom here, apparently, to take all your fixtures with you. I got the man to repeat that before a witness, and then told him that if he made any further claim I would have him arrested for criminal libel. That settled him!

Such is life in France. When I moved into this apartment I found certain things not in perfect order. I sent immediately for an architect to make up a statement regarding the cost of putting it in shape, for I knew that, when I got ready to move, the landlord would claim that all of the holes in the walls, all of the spots on paint and paper, had been made by me. That architect said: "You must ask about twice what it would actually cost. That is what the landlord always does." I was grateful to him for putting me on to the game. But just think of such a thing! If this were a barbarous country of the far East I might not be surprised, but here in civilized Paris!! And, mind you, I am now speaking of individual landlords. The house I just moved out of belonged to the largest insurance company in France, I mean the largest French insurance company, for the largest insurance companies here are actually the American companies, and I would never think of accusing them of according anyone such treatment. That an individual owner should stand in with the architect to beat the helpless tenant (often enough so poor that he is afraid to fight), is not difficult to imagine, but for a great company to have such rules and regulations, to encourage its clerks and employees to be parties to such petty dishonesty!—it is simply astonishing!

And yet, for one who loves art, it is pleasant here (for a time). If my country people were to do such things I would be wild with shame and anger, but here I just smile (and carry my gun full-cocked in my hip pocket, so to speak, always ready to do up the man who tries to beat me.) It is not unlike climbing a snow-capped mountain: beautiful but dangerous.

Sept. 30, 1912.

FRANK PATTERSON.

JOHN MASON IN BERNSTEIN'S NEW PLAY

JOHN MASON is appearing at the Garrick theater in "The Attack," a new play by Henry Bernstein, author of "The Thief." Both play and players are eminently satisfactory. An evening passed in their company is well spent. The story is simple and direct. Alexandre Merital, a man of 53, has reached the vantage point of leader of a new political party. He has the respect and confidence of the people and is so sure of his position that he can afford to let his son Daniel represent the party in his own district and run himself in another district. He lives in the summer at Dinard, France, about 400 miles from Paris, with his three grown children, and every year there comes to them for a visit Renee de Rould, friend of his daughter Georgette. Renee is so like one of his own children that he wants to keep her always. So he asks that she marry Daniel. But Renee finds Daniel cold and unsympathetic. She has already made up her mind that she cares only for Merital pere. To his surprise she tells him very simply that she loves him and if she can not marry him she will marry no one. He has thought of her as a child, lovable and peculiar like the wife of his

youth long since dead. He puts aside her pleading until at last she makes him know his own heart.

It is not often that one hears the words "I love you" spoken simply and sincerely on the stage, but Martha Hedmon does it so exquisitely that one does not mind how often the words come to her lips. Renee has one moment of exquisite bliss, then comes Frepeau, owner and editor of the official organ of the new party. He brings with him a copy of an opposition paper in which has appeared a scurrilous article accusing Merital of an early theft. Of course, it is not to be noticed and Merital waves it aside with dignity. But Frepeau brings out a copy of his paper in which he has answered the attack. As his own party has called attention to the accusation there is no course open to Merital except a libel suit with all sorts of unpleasant results if it should be lost. Renee's love must wait until the matter is settled, for Merital feels that the time has come in his career when his enemies bitter with envy will accomplish his downfall if they can and he must fight for his position.

Day and night he works on the case, and at last, after three weeks, finds what he has been seeking, the traitor in his own party. It is the day of the trial and he forces Frepeau to come to him. Merital is the one human being who interferes with Frepeau's ambition and it is Frepeau, pretended friend, loyal associate, who is responsible and it is Frepeau who shall save him. Merital has found that Frepeau once accepted bribe money to an extent that would land him in prison and with the proofs he confronts the editor, promising to see him convicted unless he calls off his tool. Frepeau sees the force of the argument and the day is won. Renee comes, the only human being who has shown belief and sympathy. The children have been nervous to the point of questioning in their hearts their father's integrity, but Renee the single-hearted has seen but one outcome from the beginning. Overcome by her trust Merital confesses that he is guilty but he must defend thirty years of blameless life. Renee is shocked into apathy by his confession and lets him go to the trial without a word. Frepeau's tool withdraws the charge and the libel suit is dropped.

Merital must now present his case before the bar of Renee's love and trust. Then comes the story of the theft. Bernstein knows how to write such a scene and the description of the youth of Merital, his marriage, the death of his father, a suicide and penniless, poverty, hard work, illness, sudden temptation and the fall—discovery and mercy from his old employer, the struggle in Paris to succeed, repaying the money, rehabilitating himself both in his own eyes and in those of his old employer, and finally success. It is very touching and beautifully written. Renee's love and confidence have never wavered. It is worth something to hear the exquisite tones in her voice as she responds to his pleading, at times with "Yes! Yes!" again with "I love you." Whatever she says is beautifully said and she is good to look upon, simple and sincere in her acting. I shall look forward to other parts Martha Hedmon may play in the future. Frepeau, played by Sidney Herbert, is a delightful characterization, and the Merital of Mr. Mason is all that one might expect from so good an actor. The remainder of the cast is competent.

New York, Oct. 14, 1912.

ANNE PAGE.

Preparing for Canal Traffic

Railroad men take little stock in the report of a Santa Fe-Baltimore & Ohio alliance for passenger service across the continent, but it is believed that in the near future President E. P. Ripley and his associates will effect a combination that will enable a passenger to leave Los Angeles in a Pullman car and stay aboard until he is ready to disembark in Grand Central station or in the Pennsylvania's new depot in New York. While the Baltimore & Ohio is operated to and from New York, it is not capable of competing with its better equipped rivals for the first class passenger traffic. Furthermore, the Pennsy for a dozen years has been closely allied with the Santa Fe. The two systems have several directors who are on both boards, and the solid train from coast to coast has been a traffic dream for a long time. It is likely to become a reality before the Panama canal is in operation, and it will mean a time schedule between New York and Los Angeles of about four days, or from here to London or Paris in less than twelve days as against the seventeen days now in effect.

Invading Neighboring Territory

There will leave Los Angeles Oct. 27 several hundred "get together" enthusiasts, who are to swing around the circle through northern and southern Arizona. An elaborate itinerary has been arranged under the patronage of the Chamber of Commerce, with stops at every important point. There will be five Pullman cars and the trip will last about three days.



Los Angeles Realty Board members covered themselves with glory last week in the entertainment of their visiting fraternity. The banquet at the Alexandria was a particularly happy event and the speakers' table decorations proved as great a hit as the witty addresses of Frank Flint, Lee Gates, Charley Andrews and other of the joyous spellbinders. There was one stunt that was not pulled off, however, to which I would call attention. It was the cartoon tributes to the directorate of the Realty Board, to which I am able to append a few descriptive lines embodying the characteristics of the subjects of treatment. There was the former president of the board, Col. Wm. M. Garland, for example, reference to whose well-known optimism was made in this wise:

The posy that confronts you with look so debonair
Is one of nature's Garlands—the specimen is rare;
His traits are worth preserving, posterity should know
This optimistic giant with his motto, "Watch us Grow!"
His guess for 1920 is a million, nothing short—
Predicting for Los Angeles, you know, is Billy's forte;
Let's hope that when we pass this mark our William may be found
With every inch of stature above our stamping ground.

That present live-wire executive Charley Andrews served to arouse the muse as follows:

No, gentlemen, this wondrous midge
Is not a champion hand at bridge;
Nor yet in golf has he attained
The honors that our stars have gained.
His great success, I dare assert—
Next to his clever deals in dirt—
Is making speeches con amore,
With now and then a funny story.
Our President! and may the board
To Charley Andrews long be moored!

Perpetual motion as exemplified in the only "Billy" Mines elicited this epic:

God save Sir Wilfred and the King, and likewise Billy Mines!
Who for a breath of Canada at intervals still pines.
Meanwhile, his restless energies no respite seem to know,
For him perpetual motion—he's always on the go!
He'll sell you anything he has, without an "if" or "maybe,"
With just two reservations, though, his charming wife and baby.

Known far and wide as the smoothest proposition that ever reluctantly disposed of a subdivision at 600 per cent advance, "Bob" Marsh provoked this metrical recognition:

Alert and handsome, smooth as oil,
And fruitful as our sacred soil,
Than Bobby Marsh—we stick to fact—
None abler to unload a tract.
From corner lots to buildings tall,
Bob's run the gamut of them all,
And when it comes to making loans,
His wooing notes would coax the stones.
Where is the banker who can say
"I've had no call from Bob to-day!"
For under his magnetic gaze
The tightest wad would stand a raise.

Order is heaven's first law and James Royal Highness Wagner is an observing apostle as these lines to his memory indicate:

"Alphabetical" Wagner is one of the names Bestowed by the ribald on Orderly James.
He was born with a system and people assert
It works to a charm in the selling of dirt.
He lives by a system that clings to him tight
And holds him and folds him from morning till night.
Would you tackle his game. Don't think it a "skin,"
Get onto his system, and play it to win.

Of all political sharps in or out of service George Black, whom the state realty association did itself

the honor to name as its president for the ensuing year, has no superior. His attributes are eulogized as follows:

Or white or Black or red or brown,
Find us his equal in the town!
Slicker than grease, his razzle-dazzle
Beats all his rivals to a frazzle.
He makes them own with faces wry
That they, "in politics, are "pic."
Look at him well, this prince of workers—
A loaded wire! A three-ringed circus!

Serious "Tom" Bundy, Southern California's tennis shark, came in for this appreciation:

Tackle him Tuesday or Friday or Sunday,
Where is the peer of our champion Bundy?
Driving or lobbing, or serving or volleying—
Facts we recite without any jollyng—
Where is the chap that meets him in tennis
Who will not admit his own name is "Dennis?"
Where is the player that shows such aplomb
As the lightning-like driver, the wonderful Tom!

Herbert Cornish seems to have staggered the rhymster who has perpetrated this daring and exorbitating limerick:

A realty director named Cornish,
Whose humor was sad and forlornish,
By playing a clown
Was the talk of the town;
O, he made a great hit—in a horn—ish.

Last but not least of the immortals is the tribute to the human dynamo Phil D. Wilson, the secretary and overlord of the board:

Who is it straightens snarls and snags,
And spurs us up when ardor lags?
Who does the drudge work with a zest
And "jollies" up the transient guest?
Who rageth in the monthly toll,
Who holds the youngsters in control?
Whose name is on all people's lips,
In praise, in blame, in verse and quips,
Who but the poobah of the board,
And Charley Andrews' overlord.

I violate no confidence in stating that Billy Mines' precocious young daughter is the author of the above rhyming jests on her father's business associates.

"Nunky" Will Be Missed

I was shocked last week when after a few days of enforced absence from the club precincts I returned to find that Henry Norton, dear old "Nunky" as everybody called him, had slipped off into the beyond after three days illness, succumbing to an attack of acute pneumonia. We had been friends in Chicago in the old days when I had directed the editorial policies of one of the well-established daily papers of the middle west metropolis and in Los Angeles over a friendly game of billiards occasionally, in which he was a past master, we kept our friendship green. "Nunky" was a charming host at the farewell dinner given to Lieutenant "Dolly" Staton out at the Country Club when he was called East to join his ship and as master of ceremonies was the hit of the evening. He will be missed at the golf links and at the bridge games with the club habitués. Peace to his gentle soul. His was a rarely sweet disposition.

Hint to Eddie's Friends

I take it that Guy Eddie will relinquish his ambition to enter for the district attorneyship race as an alleged Republican. I am wondering, however, if he still intends to address a prominent women's club on the subject of personal purity, which invitation he had accepted just prior to his embarrassment. I would suggest to those Good Government Club members who are agitating the question of raising a fund to defend the censor of our public morals that before they commit themselves they consult high police officials as to the guilt or innocence of Eddie. I have it on the best authority that the Phelps and Jones cases are not the only ones and that a successful defense is hopeless. I am sorry for his family, but for the sake of public decency and in the hope of seeing further reference to the affair stopped the disgraced official should be compelled to retire from office and from public gaze promptly and effectually. Let us forget this unpleasant episode as quickly as possible.

To Him Who Waits

Several years ago three Los Angeles prospectors, while investigating around Randsburg, found a gold mine. They developed the property, and the Yellow Aster was the result. That mine has produced more than \$2,000,000 and is still valuable. The find resulted in a boom that lasted for several years. For a time the camp was dead, but lately the Consolidated Mines Company uncovered a lead that is showing good values. Consolidated was the amalgamation of several claims wherein hundreds of thousands of

dollars were dropped by local capitalists. There have been innumerable assessments, paid in by C. J. Lenman, Lee McConnell, John Brink, J. W. A. Off and others. Recently, the company found high grade ore and a new boom is on, with a brick worth from \$3000 to \$5000 coming in from the mines each month. The owners have stuck by the ship in fair weather and foul, and their friends are hoping they have struck a rich cargo at last.

Cardinals Get Royal Welcome

It is a right royal welcome experienced by members of the Rugby football team of Stanford University who have come south for a game with the University of Southern California at Bovard field this afternoon. The local alumni and ex-students are planning to attend the contest in force to see that the Cardinal team gets its full share of cheering. Last season the Stanford team was not particularly strong in attack as several of the best men were left behind, the coaches miscalculating the opposition. The Palo Altans won by a narrow margin only and had the scare of their lives, so this year a crack team is the result. The squad was met at the depot by an enthusiastic gathering, and escorted to an uptown hotel. The numbers of Stanford grads and former students now engaged in business in Los Angeles are legion, for Los Angeles has always contributed a larger quota to the Cardinal college than to Berkeley across the bay, while with San Francisco the case has been the reverse. The Stanford contingent here is a loyal one, and I understand that plans already are under way for chartering the Yale or Harvard to make a special trip north to witness the contest between Stanford and Berkeley next month, which is scheduled to take place on the University of California gridiron.

Armstrong and the Critics

At the opening performance of "A Romance of the Underworld" at the Majestic Sunday night, Paul Armstrong, the author, who used to be a police reporter in Chicago, sat near the newspapermen who were covering the show and studied its effect on the local corps of critics. Shirley Olympius, dramatic critic of the Evening Herald, had invited Jack Campbell, his city editor, to the performance, and before the curtain went up Armstrong leaned over to Campbell and said: "Here is where you get yours," for in one of the acts the reporters in the play tell the city editor their opinion of him in no uncertain terms.

One on "Wiggy" Williams

Writing of police reporters reminds me of a joke played by five of the day police men on "Wiggy" Williams, who is temporarily covering the station for the Evening Herald. The reporters had been having one of their friendly roughhouses in the office of Captain Murray, with the latter participating. Williams had taken a hand in it and a few moments later two of the newspapermen came into the reporters' room with the statement that Murray's glasses had been broken in the melee and it was thought to be only fair to make a small assessment to pay for them. It was averred that six dollars would replace them and each reporter was expected to chip in a dollar for the purpose. Williams was willing, but he found it necessary to make a hasty trip to his office to effect a "touch." Later, the others had their subscriptions returned, but Williams' dollar was retained and a journey taken to the buffet on the corner where seductive summer drinks are dispensed and where the health of "Wiggy" was toasted at his expense.

Walter Parker's Modest Estate

Inventory of Walter F. Parker's estate revealed a total value of \$59,000. The late Southern Pacific tax agent, who for years had dictated the nomination and election of every public official in Southern California, from court house and city hall janitors to United States senators, might have accumulated ten times that sum had he been of a more sordid nature or with an inclination to make hay while the harvesting was good. Parker is about forgotten in politics, but he was a rare specimen as a boss, in that he was not looking for personal emolument.

Trying Out Talent at Brink's

Shop girls who would be Gadsdis and laundresses who have ambitions to out coon-shout Sophie Tucker and Blossom Seeley will no longer have to hide their lights under a bushel without recognition from the managers and booking offices, for Manager John Brink of Brink's cafe has consecrated every Friday night between the hours of eight thirty and ten thirty for amateur tryouts in his cabaret show. Those making good will be given places on the regular bill with the prospect of several weeks of local work. At the end of that time they will be in line for a tour of the cabaret shows of the United States with forty-two weeks booking solid. The usual deter-

rents of the average amateur night, where it is customary for the audience to greet the less facile performers with boos and cries of "get the hook" will be conspicuous by their absence, since Manager Brink has instructed his corps of waiters to discourage disturbances of this nature. Reasons for Mr. Brink's project are twofold. In the first place he is a native son and believes in disclosing and developing California singers and songs, and, secondly, there is such a dearth of real cabaret talent in California that it was decided to test out the amateurs. Those who even show promise will be taken in hand by Miss Emilie Gardner, a lyric soprano of much experience, and given lessons until they are equal to cabaret work.

Good Prospects for Building

I hear there is to be definite word before long from Henry E. Huntington in regard to the much-discussed Childs' property sky scraper. The head of the Los Angeles Railway was asked by friends when he intended to begin the first of the series of buildings on the site, and he replied seriously that in the event of Roosevelt's election the new block will not be built at present. If, however, that contingency does not arise, he will start things soon after Nov. 5. In that case and if Mr. Huntington is correctly quoted he will begin work on the proposed improvement before many weeks.

Mahomets Who Journey Hither

Southern California is coming to be more and more exploited by national magazines, and writers of wide reputation are being sent here by the larger eastern publications to secure material for articles dealing with conditions in this part of the country. The latest to come has been Agnes C. Laut, whose name is familiar to those interested in literature of the northwest. She is reported to be an expert on harbor and transportation matters and I understand she is in this part of the country obtaining data for an article discussing the possible effects of the opening of the Panama canal. She has recently been in San Diego making extensive observations there, since that will be the first American port of call for ships after leaving the western entrance of the canal. Sam F. Blythe, the Saturday Post's political writer, also was a recent visitor and Walter V. Woelke, for a long time a resident of Santa Monica, now a member of the Sunset staff, has been compiling notes for one of his development and boost essays. Charles Van Loan, for several years sporting editor and star reporter of the Los Angeles Examiner, now evolved into a writer of sketches, stories, novels and the like instead of taking orders from a city editor, also has honored us of late, but they tell me he came only for the sake of escaping heated New York and renewing old acquaintances. Artists of national fame also are represented, for George Hariman, who for a long time made sporting cartoons for the local Hearst paper, and has since gravitated to New York whence his cartoons are syndicated and sent over the entire circuit, is in our midst, so to say, occupying the ringside seats with the elite at the Vernon fights as he was wont to do in the earlier days when a two-bit piece was as large as a cartwheel.

Saves \$2000 Each Time

Score another victory for Garrett McEnerney, lawyer for William Randolph Hearst, who retains him at a princely income in order that he may not be mulcted too easily in court litigation. The superior court this week ordered a third trial for Mr. Hearst in the libel case wherein M. W. Davis, former clerk of the board of education in Pasadena, originally secured a verdict for \$35,000 and costs. At a second hearing the damages allowed amounted to \$32,000. Now, after about four years, the case is to be heard again. Garrett McEnerney will probably represent Mr. Hearst.

Empty Honor for Stanton

Philip A. Stanton has been named as the successor to Russ Avery as Republican national committeeman from California as was foreshadowed in this column at the time General Otis influenced the appointment. So far as the present campaign is concerned, the honor is not of particular significance. It will, however, mean much hereafter, as the Republican party organization will be entirely divorced from the Lissner-Johnson influence in the future. Stanton is no novice at the game, and if the former Old Guard can be revived he is perhaps better fitted than anyone that readily recurs to mind to put renewed life into what is not even a respectable cadaver at this writing.

Swift Runs Contemplated

Cars with a capacity of ninety miles an hour are the latest innovation at the shops of the Los Angeles Railway Company in this city, the coaches to be used by the Pacific Electric. The latter will require this

remarkable speed when it comes to operating the feeder now building between Los Angeles and San Bernardino. The new road will be ready for use in the near future, and it will reduce not only the running time but also the passenger fares between the two points and the intervening territory.

Reformers After Jerome Properties

Senator W. A. Clark who is due in Los Angeles soon after the November election, will remain here several days and one of his objects will be the inspection of the new Young Women's Home now in process of building. The institution is to be ready for occupation inside of the next six months, and will be one of the best equipped of its kind. The Clark properties at Jerome were recently raised in taxation value six per cent and that assessment may be attacked while the senator is in the west. They were jumped from about \$500,000 to more than \$3,000,000, I believe.

Ashhurst's Queer Conduct

Los Angeles Democrats are telling a curious story on United States Senator Ashhurst of Arizona. It appears that Ashhurst was billed to deliver campaign addresses here as well as in other Southern California cities, but failed to keep his engagements. There was no explanation and scouts sent out to find the speaker could not uncover him. Meanwhile, Ashhurst is said to have appeared at one of the city hotels, and after asking for mail, promptly vanished. He kept this hide and go seek game up for several days, sending no word to the Democratic managers in Los Angeles who were forced to find a substitute speaker in order not to disappoint their audiences. The same thing had to be done at other places where the Arizona senator had made appointments. Thus far the senator's peculiar inaction has remained unexplained and admiration for him has distinctly waned among true Jeffersonians.

"Editor" Guy Barham

According to his sworn statement made to the United States government, Guy Barham is the editor of the Evening Herald, and William Randolph Hearst does not control a single share of the property. Also, according to the Examiner's report, Hearst is editor and publisher of that property, which has no bonds or other securities outstanding. Thus far the Times has not complied with the new law.

Scored a Bullseye for Once

Not often does the average newspaper reader agree with the Times on a political subject, but General Otis' estimate of the shortcomings of the Alexander municipal administration printed last Sunday was not unjust in the opinion of those familiar with conditions. The records at the city hall disclose a remarkable lack of efficiency, and it is only strange that the details were not made public months ago. Coming so soon after the Eddie disclosures the public has about made up its mind that in spite of the peculiar features of the proposed new city charter, that instrument should be approved in its entirety if only to retire from public service those who have survived their influence.

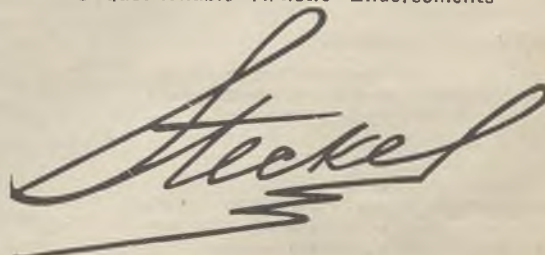
Another True Lover

I hear that Judson Harmon's length of stay in this neighborhood will depend upon his luck as a fisherman at Catalina. The governor was to have delivered a campaign address while in this region, but at last accounts the tentative dates had been cancelled. The governor is one of the distinguished men of the nation, having been attorney general in the cabinet of President Grover Cleveland, and a candidate for the presidential nomination before the last Democratic national convention. He has many admirers here and is enamored of Southern California.

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Music

By W. Francis Gates

Loyalty of Southern California to a certain limited number of stars in the musical firmament is unwavering. Mme. Gadski is one of these—as the audience at the Auditorium Tuesday night proved. She is among the half dozen of prime favorites in Los Angeles city and county and no stronger card could have been offered to open the Behymer Philharmonic series. As a matter of record and reference the singer's program is given:

Wehe so willst du and Nachtigall (Brahms); In dem Schatten meiner Kocken and Das Verlassene Magdelein (Wolf); Meinem Kinde, Ruhe, Meino Seele, and Das Geheimnis (Strauss); piano solo, Romance (Sibelius), Mr. Edwin Schneider; June (Morse-Rummel); Sleep, Then, Ah Sleep (Branscombe); Love and Springtime (Metcalfe); The Cave, In the Tree-Top High (Schneider); The Lamp of Love (Turner-Salter); piano solo, Rain in the Garden (Debussy), Mr. Edwin Schneider; arias, Elsa's Dream from "Lohengrin," Elsa's Song to the Breezes, Brunnhilde's Farewell to Siegfried (from "Götterdämmerung") (Wagner).

Mme. Gadski seemed in high spirits at this auspicious opening of her season's work in this country. Making the long "jump" from Toronto, where she sang at the opening of a new music hall October 8, she came to the land of sunshine and oranges assured of a hearty welcome.

As will be noted in reading the program, it covered a larger range than her former dozen or so of programs given here. In the lieder singing, she is admitted to be "facile princeps," led only by Schumann-Heink. But her particular realm is the dramatic operatic numbers, such as found place on the last section of the bill. Her Wagner numbers were not in the line of novelties, but were repetitions of arias particularly Gadski's own, so accustomed is the public to regarding her interpretation as the standard. The second group, in English, was particularly welcome, as Gadski has acquired a fair command of the vernacular and with her luscious tones, the large audience that had resignedly heard the German remainder of the program had an opportunity to get an occasional syllable of the content of the poet's verse direct. But if our American singers cannot enunciate the English understandably, how can we expect clear diction on the part of a foreigner?

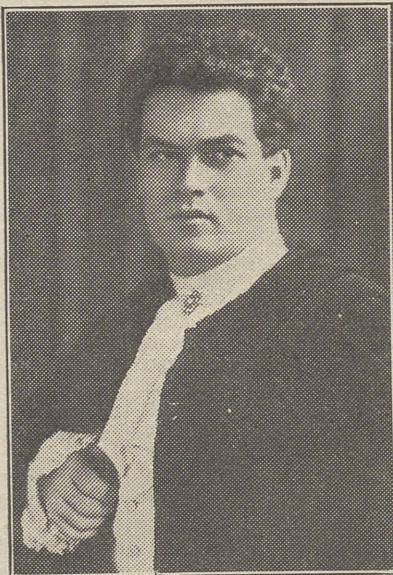
The Wolf, Strauss and Schneider songs were notably interesting from the standpoint of construction and beside the roulades of dissonances and unusual harmonies of the Debussy "Rain," Wagner sounded almost tame. Mr. Schneider, the pianist, chose a novelty as one of his solos, a Sibelius "Romance," full of virile harmonies. He is a notably sympathetic accompanist and worthy of the artist he so ably seconded. A number of recalls were given and the "Erlkoenig," "Annie Laurie," et al., appeared in their usual place. The audience occupied almost the whole of the Auditorium and was enthusiastic in its applause.

Homer Grunn had the honor of opening the Los Angeles musical season of 1912-13 at Blanchard Hall last Friday night with a piano recital program that was out of the ordinary, with the exception of certain Schumann and Beethoven numbers. Mr. Grunn is one of those human individuals who are not on the pedestal of pose; he is a virile, likable man as well as a scholarly and interesting player; and it is natural that his recital should draw a large audience.

Beethoven's sonata, op. 31, No. 2,

opened the program, followed by the seldom heard Liszt B minor ballade, based on Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon." This first of Liszt's two ballades, while it does not reach the success of Chopin's works in the same form, was played with due attention to the somber story of Byron and its musical paraphrase—with the wave theme and the lighter touch which may be called the bird theme. The Liszt ballades are too much neglected by pianists and Mr. Grunn did well to get away from the conventional selections and give this a hearing.

Closing the program, Mr. Grunn played a group of four of his own compositions, the third of which is denominated a "Desert Suite." Having lived in the desert country for a time, Mr. Grunn has put into tone pictures memories of different phases of the desert and in so doing has painted tone poems that are mighty good music as well as being interesting from a pictorial viewpoint. This suite should be looked up by artist pianists. His concert waltz, in closing, was a neatly constructed Moszkowskyish sort of thing, charming in its treatment.



Riccardo Martin, at the Auditorium

Through the influence of members of congress, Potentate Motley H. Flint of Al Malaikah Temple, Mystic Shrine, has been able to secure the United States Marine Band for two additional concerts in this city. This celebrated band has not been west for more than twenty years, and as it heads the presidential inaugural parades and is the official band at all the great national functions, it is regarded as an important institution and one well worth hearing. It will be heard matinee and evening, Thursday, Oct. 24; matinee Friday at 3:45 for the school students, and in the evening at eight o'clock. Press notices received from the cities in which the band has played en route to Los Angeles are flattering, particular mention being made of Miss Mary Sheirer of Washington, D. C., who accompanies the band as soprano soloist.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Eddy will appear in recital at the Auditorium Thursday night, Oct. 24, and Saturday matinee, Oct. 26. Mr. Eddy is one of the masters of organ playing, and his appearances are always eagerly awaited by music lovers. He will be assist-

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By Everett C. Maxwell

EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK.

Marguerite Thompson—Royer Gallery.

Our little journey this week will be to the country home of Miss Helena Dunlap which is situated in a remarkably picturesque orange grove on El Ranchino road, just beyond the State Reform School at Whittier. Since Miss Dunlap's return to Southern California from Paris, a little less than a year ago, she has kept quietly to her work and only on one or two occasions has the public been afforded an opportunity to study her advanced methods. Soon after her arrival in her native southland she introduced herself to local art lovers through the medium of an exhibition of foreign subjects and medal canvases at the Steckel gallery. Almost instantly Miss Dunlap became popular with the artists and not a few art patrons who comprehended something of her courage and daring rallied to her support. But the large majority came, saw, but did not conquer, in other words they were baffled by the things they saw and because they did not understand the artist's technique or comprehend her point of view they shook their heads and said, "Ah, yes," and passed on. They neither condemned nor approved. Silence is the only safe course in such cases. It is equally dangerous to condemn or approve. In the present day and age we have found that new methods are not to be decied until proved, and it has made many of us mental cowards.

If an unusual work of art is put before us we are prone to hum and haw and finally side-step a decision until we find out what the world thinks. Individual opinion seems to have fallen below par. We do not take a work for what it is worth to ourselves and so the essence of its real worth is utterly lost. Technically, a book, or a painting, or a play may be as bad as you will and yet it may convey to a certain mind a message of usefulness and truth. If this be the case, for the encouragement of sincerity, "take the cash and let the credit go, nor listen to the to the rumble of a distant drum." Individuality is rapidly becoming a lost art, or in more subtle English we are becoming too individual to be individualists.

Miss Dunlap began her study at the Art Institute in Chicago, later going to the Pennsylvania Academy in Philadelphia, at which place she studied for six years under the personal direction of Wm. Chase. At the conclusion of this lengthy term she went to Paris where she became a notable figure in the younger school of American painters in the French capital. She holds many medals from famous foreign galleries and has been an exhibitor in the Paris Salon for several consecutive years. She is now a member of the Independent Salon and is associated with a number of the leading art societies in Europe. Her work is at all times decorative, bold, striking in color, broad in treatment, good in line, and remarkably strong and telling in general handling. Her purpose seems to be to vitalize nature, which she always accomplishes, even if it be necessary to dwarf its sentiment to do so.

At studio No. 403 Blanchard Hall, Mrs. Nell Brooker Mayhew is holding this week and next a public exhibition of twelve of her latest experiments in color etching. Mrs. Mayhew's work is too well and favorably known to need an introduction at this time. A recent

issue of The Graphic contained a lengthy and highly complimentary review of this painter's recent canvases in oil and touched briefly upon her decorative etching process. This color process is, I believe, a secret of the artist's, hence the critic is utterly disarmed, for how can anyone write an intelligent criticism upon a work of art unless he knows the how and wherefore of it. However, we believe that even a medium so evasive and so decorative as this color etching process of Mrs. Mayhew's should conform to at least a few set laws of technique, consequently we have a certain basis for critical review. Faulty values is the chief error I find in the more pretentious drawings and while it may be difficult to define planes in the smaller ones I am at a loss to know the meaning of "At San Pedro" and "The Adobe." "In Silhouette" is a rare decoration and "The Ship" is fine in effect and alluring in color. "Purple and Rose" is of interest as are "Edendale" and "Mission Bells." "Silver Sea," a harmony in gray and lavender, is Mrs. Mayhew's most successful study.

Advantages of Travel by Cook's

In 1872 when the first associated party of pleasure travelers was "personally conducted" around the world by the late Mr. Thomas Cook, the event caused a stir, but nowadays the grand tour attracts an increasing number of sightseers each year. And where once such an undertaking was embarked upon with fear and trembling for discomforts and unpleasant experiences, now it is made in luxury, with congenial companionship, and the assurance of seeing everything from the Sphinx to the geisha girl. Nor does the modern tour of the world require a year of travel, for the Cook's people have arranged a special trip, beginning Jan. 11, 1913, which will take four months to complete and will include all the principal and important features of their regular Tours de Luxe. Their experience of more than forty years in managing around-the-world travel and their complete system of offices through the Orient and elsewhere give them exceptional advantages for such trips.

Statement of the Ownership and Management of The Graphic, published weekly at Los Angeles, Cal., required by the Act of August 24, 1912:

Name of Editor, Samuel Travers Clover; postoffice address, Los Angeles.

Name of business manager, Harry Hammond Beall; postoffice address, Los Angeles.

Owner, Samuel Travers Clover.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities, Roy Jones, trustee.

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 5th day of October, 1912.

(Seal) JACQUELINE MINDERHOUT.

Notary Public in and for the County of Los Angeles, State of California.

(My commission expires January 15, 1914.)

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Not Coal Lands.

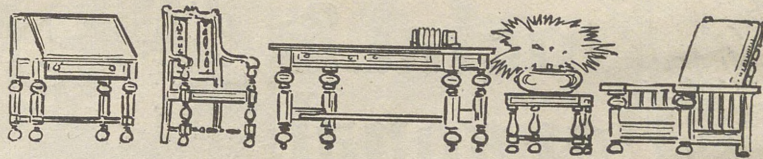
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.

Sept. 11, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that Frank Slett, of Santa Monica, Cal., who, on May 25, 1909, made Homestead Entry No. 06304, for E1/4NW1/4, SW1/4NE1/4, NE1/4SW1/4, Section 21, Township 1 S., Range 20 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 23rd day of October, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: Albert W. Ma.sh, of Los Angeles; Charles O. Montagu, Ira R. Sheekles, Frank Gee, all of Santa Monica, Cal.

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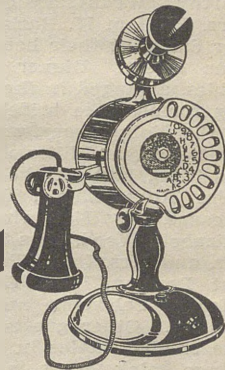
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Social & Personal

Miss Elizabeth Hicks, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hicks of West Adams street, is proving one of the favorite brides-elect of the season, a notable feature of her pre-nuptial entertainment being that the society matrons as well as the younger set are honoring her with pretty affairs. Monday Miss Hicks entertained the girls of her bridal party with a luncheon at her home, guests being Miss Sally McFarland, Miss Margaret Gaffey, and Miss Katherine Stearns, chaperoned by Mrs. Hicks. A centerpiece of white cosmos combined with fluffy bows of tulle formed the decorations. Wednesday afternoon Miss Laura Almada of Wilshire boulevard was hostess at a luncheon at the California Club, covers being laid for Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, Miss Louise Freese, Miss Margaret Gaffey, Miss Alice Elliott, Miss Marjorie Ramsay, Miss Marion Winston, Miss Daphne Drake, Miss Juliette Boileau and Miss Aileen McCarthy. Wednesday evening Col. and Mrs. William M. Garland gave a dinner dance at their home on West Adams street. Dinner was served at tables, arranged in the living and dining rooms. The bride's table, set out in the dining room, was fragrant with white roses and lilies of the valley, covers being laid for the guest of honor, Miss Alice Elliott, Miss Katherine Stearns, Miss Katherine Ramsay, Miss Elizabeth Wood, Miss Sally McFarland, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Tolhurst, Lieutenant Pousland, Mr. Henry Daly, Mr. Richard Schweppe and the host and hostess. Other guests were seated at the smaller tables in the living room, where pink roses and pink-shaded candelabra were used. About forty-three guests were bidden, Mrs. Garland having left her invitation list in Miss Hicks' hands. Thursday afternoon Mrs. Mary Wilcox Longstreet of West Adams street was hostess at a luncheon given at the California Club, covers being laid for ten. In the center of the table was a long-handled gilt basket filled with pink roses and ferns, and smaller baskets filled with rosebuds and forget-me-nots marked places. Thursday evening Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Drake complimented Miss Hicks with a dinner and Friday Miss Sally McFarland was hostess at a luncheon in her honor, guests being Miss Margaret Gaffey, Miss Katherine Stearns, Miss Marjorie Ramsay, Miss Katherine Johnson and Miss Juliette Boileau. This evening Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. Griffith of the Lawrence Apartments, St. James Park, are presiding at a dinner-dance at the Los Angeles Country Club. Monday afternoon Miss Margaret Gaffey will give a luncheon at the California Club, and Monday evening Captain and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner and Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Connell will entertain with a theater party. Miss Hicks plans to pass the days that intervene before her marriage to Lieutenant Robert Frank Gross, Oct. 30, in a quiet fashion, and will accept but few invitations after Monday.

Miss Marie Bobrick, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Alexander Bobrick, who is to marry Mr. Alfred Wright Oct. 30, is another popular bride-elect. This evening Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy and Miss Aileen McCarthy are giving a dinner-dance at the Country Club in Miss Bobrick's honor, members of the bridal party being guests, including Miss Katherine Banning, who is to be maid of honor, Miss Aileen McCarthy, Miss Virginia Nourse and Miss Sarah Clark, and Messrs. Mowatt Mitchell, Weston Wilson, Arthur Bobrick, Jack Bucklin and Jack Howard.

Miss McCarthy is to be introduced to society November 20, but although she has not yet made her debut, she is in great demand socially. Wednesday Miss Virginia Nourse of Berkeley Square is to give a dinner for Miss Bobrick and also for Miss Clarisse Stevens; Thursday afternoon Miss Hildegard Payne is having a theater party in her honor, and Friday morning Miss Bobrick and Miss Stevens will share honors at a breakfast with which Mrs. J. B. Banning and Miss Katherine Banning will entertain. Friday evening Miss Mary Richardson of West Adams street will compliment Miss Bobrick with an informal affair. Miss Clarisse Stevens, whose wedding to Mr. Eltinge Brown takes place the day before Miss Bobrick's, is also the recipient of much attention. Her bridal party includes Mrs. Sidney Wailes, Miss Anita Thomas, Miss Louise Hunt, Miss Katherine Banning, Miss Barbara Burkhalter, Miss Virginia Nourse and Messrs. Alvin Brown, Tim Brown, George Towne, Jack Howard and Standish Mitchell. Miss Anita Patton will give a luncheon for Miss Stevens Thursday at her home at Lake Vineyard, and Saturday afternoon Mrs. Sidney Wailes plans to entertain with a tea in her honor.

Saturday evening, Oct. 16, the Amateur Players' Club will entertain its members at the Banning House, Wilmingon. An out-of-door play will be given—the first act from Rostand's "Romancers," which will be followed by a cafe chantant and informal dancing.

Mrs. William Ramsay of Western avenue entertained a party of young people with a theater party at the Belasco Monday evening, followed by supper at Hotel Alexandria. Enjoying her hospitality were her daughters, the Misses Marjorie and Katherine Ramsay; Miss Aileen McCarthy, Miss Laura Almada, Mr. Van Court Warren, Mr. Bruce Macneil, Mr. Walter Brunswig, Mr. Herbert Howard, Mr. E. F. Gillespie and Mr. Robert Thomas.

Miss Marguerite Drake, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rivers Drake, entertained Tuesday afternoon with a prettily appointed luncheon, given in honor of Miss Sally McFarland, who recently returned from abroad.

Mrs. O. T. Johnson of 1221 Orange street entertained Tuesday afternoon with a tea-party from three to five-thirty. The reception halls were glowing with yellow chrysanthemums, while the drawing room was in pink, white and green, pink and white dahlias and fernery being used. In the dining room the table was covered with pink rosebuds, the centerpiece being a gilt basket brimming with the blossoms. Candelabra with rose-colored shades added to the effect. Assisting the hostess in receiving were Mrs. Fred O. Johnson, Mrs. Fred W. Flint, Mrs. John William Baer, Mrs. Guy Cochran, Mrs. J. J. Akin, Mrs. Benjamin L. Harding, Mrs. D. E. Luther, Mrs. E. P. Johnson, Jr., Mrs. Frances Shoemaker, Mrs. William Post, Mrs. Powers Flint, Mrs. W. E. McVay, Mrs. W. C. Patterson, Mrs. James Clute, Mrs. Z. D. Mathuss, Mrs. E. W. Martindale, Mrs. William Bayly, Mrs. Henderson Hayward and Mrs. Percy Boothe.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Braly, Dr. and Mrs. Herman Janss, Miss Louise Janss and Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Scott will join the exodus of Los Angelans who are touring the world. They will sail Nov. 1, under the direction of D. F. Robertson of the steamship department of the Citizens Trust and Savings Bank.

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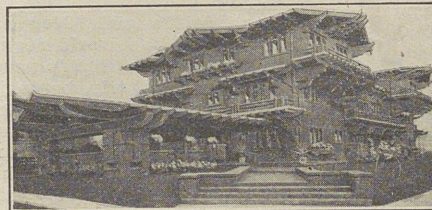
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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
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Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 7, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that Joseph A. Anker of Santa Monica, Cal., who, on October 5, 1907, made Homestead Entry No. 11470, Serial No. 04033, for N½NW¼, Sec. 27, W¼SW¼, Section 22, Township 1 S., Range 13 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 15th day of October, 1912, at 10 o'clock a.m.

Claimant names as witnesses: John H. Schumacher, of Escondido Canon, Cal.; Edward Mellus, of Escondido Canon, Cal.; William D. Newell, of Corral Ca on, Cal.; Edward Wickersham, of Los Angeles, Cal.

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THE GRAPHIC



MISS CARMELITA ROSECRANS

Katherine Stearns, and Marguerite Gaffey, just the bridal party. After the supper, Rae Belle gave her bridesmaids the loveliest pins, "to remember her by," a bar of gold, set with sapphires and pearls, the one for the maid of honor of the same design, only longer. The Visels are to be away about two months and then they are going to build here.

O, Marie, I do wish I could have been here for the wedding, it was lovely. The bridesmaids were in pale shimmering yellow and carried a single huge yellow chrysanthemum, the maid of honor in pale blue and she carried a silver basket, filled with pink roses and lilies of the valley. Rae Belle was draling in her bridal robes, and I was looking at her face, and she appeared just as a bride should, radiantly happy, and as for the bridegroom, he was as proud of her as he well could be. Of course, the church decorations were beautiful, palms and great bunches of yellow chrysanthemums and clusters tied to the pews with tulle, and the church filled with people, and the music solemn "and so they were married, and lived happy ever after."

Tuesday was Marguerite Drake's luncheon for Sally McFarland and Juliette Boileau at the Hotel Virginia, and Wednesday noon Laura Almada gave a luncheon for Elizabeth Hicks at the California Club. It was lovely, and the corsage bouquets of violets and lilies of the valley were as sweet as the girls.

You remember, I told you that Mr. and Mrs. Almada and their charming family had taken a house out on Wilshire, and we are so glad that Laura is going to live here. They used to live in Mexico, you know, and were at the Hershey Arms for a while, and the tea Saturday was a sort of house-warming. Everything was lovely and every one was there. Elizabeth Hicks came in late with Mrs. Jones and most of the girls who were at Mrs. Jones' theater party, and we hated to go home.

Wednesday evening was the supper dance for Elizabeth Hicks which Col. and Mrs. William M. Garland gave. Their house is lovely for a dance, and all the girls are crazy about Mrs. Garland. Thursday, Mrs. Longstreet's luncheon for Elizabeth at the Alexandria will be long remembered as one of the most delightful of the many entertainments planned for her pleasure. And in the evening Mrs. Drake, Mrs. Longstreet's sister, entertained for her with a dinner. Friday, Sally McFarland was the hostess at a luncheon for the bride-elect, and I almost forgot the one Monday which Elizabeth gave herself in honor of her bridesmaids, Sally,



MISS SALLIE MCFARLAND

"we four and no more." Saturday, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Griffith's dinner dance at the Country Club, will conclude the week's festivities for this popular girl and next week they begin promptly with the theater party, followed by a supper, which Mr. and Mrs. Connell and Captain and Mrs. Miner will give for her.

Clarisse Stevens, who is to marry Eltinge Brown at St. John's the evening of Oct. 29, will be as busy as any bride should, to be fashionable. Miss Patton's luncheon Thursday was charming, and Eltinge's sister, Mrs. Wailles, will entertain with a tea Saturday. You know she is the matron of honor. Marie Bobrick's cards for her marriage to Alfred Wright have just come. Virginia Nourse, who is to be of the bridal party at both weddings, will entertain in honor of Clarisse and Marie with a dinner, Oct. 23, and Mr. and Mrs. Avery McCarthy, with a dinner dance for Marie at the Country Club. And so it goes.

One of the most enjoyable events to me, however, was the twentieth anniversary meeting of the Monday Musical Club. Miss Mary Mullins has worked so hard to keep up interest in good music for so many years, and this club is the oldest musical club in Los Angeles. To be sure there have been many changes, but the purpose has remained the same. The program was, as always, delightful. Madame Von Grofe Menasco "cello played" and Carmelita Rosecrans sang two Indian songs, and Mrs. Mary Green sang. The feature of the day was the presentation of a gold bracelet to Miss Mary Mullins. She has been the president of the club ever since it was formed. Speaking of Carmelita Rosecrans, however, makes me think of gardens. You must surely meet her when you come out, and her garden in which she takes so much pride and pleasure, and shares with her friends, is delightful indeed. One of the unique features is a garden house, high up in a lofty tree, and when we go out to Carmelita's, it is a foregone conclusion we always have a good time.

One of the most unusual affairs of the season was a straw ride party she gave the last full moon. The guests, after quite a long ride in a hay wagon, finally arrived at a large eucalyptus grove, and in the distance the dancing flames of a huge bonfire rose and fell. How we struggled through the maze so skillfully arranged, how we toasted things on a long stick and what a perfectly grand time we had I must leave for another time, for mother has called me again and again to go to bed, and I am afraid to look at the clock, for it is tomorrow long ago, and I must stop. But when you come, we will most certainly go out to see the tree house, the garden, and, O, don't you think you ought to come right away?

As ever yours

ELIZABETH.

P. S.—Next morning: I've just heard that Sallie Utley is to be married Saturday night to Rolden Borden. It's to be very quiet and is a big surprise, although they've been engaged a long time.



MISS MARGARET GAFFEY

[Photo by Matzene]

Dearest Marie: One of the girls said this morning, "There are so many things going on, you cannot enjoy one, because you are trying to get to another, and each is so delightful, you hate to leave, because you are having such a good time." Well, we will never be young but once, still the older people seem to be almost as gay as we are, with teas, receptions, dinners, and luncheons, not to mention card parties, which would take a book."

Returning travelers are received most cordially, and they are all glad they are here. Mrs. Carpenter has been much entertained since her return. Mrs. Cockins gave a delightful luncheon for her last week, Mrs. Gregory Perkins entertained with a theater party Saturday followed by a tea at her home, where the guests of honor were Mrs. Carpenter and Mrs. Shelley Tolhurst, and Mrs. Lynn Helm is to give a "Chocolate" this afternoon where refreshments will be served in the beautiful garden.

Mrs. Helm's garden is a source of delight to all her friends, and her garden parties are so charming not only because of the rare flowers, (for her chrysanthemums are the largest and finest varieties, and she loves and knows each stately blossom) but the cordial hospitality of the hostess causes everyone to linger most unconventionally. The Lynn house is hoping for Wilson's election for Mr. Helm was one of his classmates, as well as being his great friend. I believe "Aunt Jane" is unregenerate, though.

Among the notable affairs of the week the reception of Mrs. O. T. Johnson Tuesday afternoon was most delightful. Talk about the frivolity of the debutante! I met a charming woman Tuesday afternoon, who is so proud of her great granddaughter, and asked her to have tea with me, but she said, "O, my dear, there is nothing I would enjoy more, but I don't see how I can manage it, for I am going to the Press Club now, then to the club tea, and later to the reception, and to Rae Belle Morlan's wedding tonight, and I—well, you see just how it is." Do you?

But, my dear Marie, you know the "brides-to-be" are really the center of most vital interest. A girl at that time is always interesting, and the custom of pre-nuptial entertaining, gives us all a chance to arrange our "little hospitalities" as the French say. And, truly, the friends of the October brides have taken advantage of this custom, and luncheons, teas, dinners and dances, have followed in rapid succession. There have also been "bachelor dinners," the only function ever given especially for the bridegroom. I always think the man has a rather hard time. Why doesn't someone start the fashion of "entertaining" for him?

Elizabeth Hicks has so many affairs planned for her and more to come in the days before her wedding, that I wonder how she will find time to sleep.

Monday night, after the rehearsal at the church, the Morlan-Visel wedding party had a delightful supper at the Alexandria, when the hostesses were Carrie and Helen McLean. Carrie, as I told you, was the maid of honor, and Helen was one of

Cheaters

By Caroline Reynolds

Paul Armstrong's plays are as peculiarly individual as the types with which they are peopled; and individuality is the necessary note in the monotone of mediocrity with which the modern dramatic offering seems afflicted. Individuality either repels or attracts, and Mr. Armstrong's plays do both; attract because they are virile and stirring; repel because they are grim with the woes of the submerged tenth; and we do dislike being reminded of the rottenness of our social system. Armstrong gives the impression that he never studied the tech-

this week, Armstrong has enlarged a vaudeville sketch which was not brilliant of promise when played here. From the skeleton of a plot which he used at that time he has developed a big story—a play of four acts (of which only three are needed, by the way). Tom McDermott, ex-newspaper man, and later a lawyer, wanders into court looking for practice and there volunteers his help in behalf of young Richard Elliott, who is being railroaded into prison to gratify the spite of a contractor who is chewing the cud of anger because Elliott's sister, Doris, has spurned his advances. Doris is



CLAUD AND FANNY USHER AT THE ORPHEUM NEXT WEEK

nique of drama—rather that his plays are well constructed simply because he knows by instinct how to hammer his story into the other fellow's appreciation. Probably, his output will always be classed as melodrama—we are prone to turn up our noses a bit at the play which contains no soul discussion between the married woman and her lover—or vice versa. But melodrama is the reality of existence; and it appeals to the heart and the emotions quite as strongly as the clash of ideas appeals to the mental palate. In his "Romance of the Underworld," which he is offering at the Majestic

the main reason for McDermott's enlisting in an apparently hopeless cause; but before long the case itself fascinates him; and his keenness of mind not only acquits Elliott, but wins Doris' hand. Aside from the interest of the main theme, there are several little side stories which move to laughter and to tears—replete with that quality commonly termed human interest. For three acts Armstrong's play and the power of its players hold the audiences breathless with interest; but the fourth act is a decided anticlimax, and has little excuse for existence. The law of coincidence is work-

Art Needlecraft

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ed too hard in bringing all of the characters of the play onto the stage in that last act, and there is not enough interest in the process to please an audience which has leaned forward in its seats for three acts. Holbrook Blinn, whose power as a forceful actor has been demonstrated here in the past, has the role of Tom McDermott, and his ease of presence coupled with his strength of delineation, makes the part a masterpiece. At short notice Beatrice Nichols replaced Catherine Calvert as Doris Elliott, and she plays with a sweetness and a girlishness that is marred only by a most unbecoming gown worn in the last act. Leonard Hollister is the best stage newspaper reporter we have had, George B. Miller is a pleasing judge, and other character parts of noteworthy merit are "O'Leary," by James A. Marcus, and the "Slippery Jake" of Tammany Young. The cast is very long, and on the whole is exceedingly satisfactory. "A Romance of the Underworld" should hold a strong appeal to the American who loves modernity and a glimpse of the other side of life; and Armstrong's crisp, terse style and blunt humor should please even the stylist.

"Dollar Did It" at the Burbank

Apparently Oliver Morosco has made one of his rare blunders in producing "A Dollar Did It," in which he is offering Ralph Stuart at the Burbank this week. In the first place, "A Dollar Did It" sounds much like a further adventure of J. Rufus Wallingford, except that it hasn't the "punch" of the Wallingford stories. People are growing weary of promoters and fortunes in a bucolic setting. There is nothing novel about the theme, and it is badly worked out; its funny lines are only mildly so—in fact, it does not seem that any amount of tinkering could put it on the road to success. Nor is it improved any by the conception of its leading man, Ralph Stuart, who

plays Baxter Billings. Billings drops into a "jay" town, Squirrelton, Indiana, with a solitary dollar bill in his pocket. He buys a mineral spring, promotes a company, defeats his enemies, wins a heart, and starts for the vale of prosperity, all on the dollar bill. Stuart starts in too rapidly, and as a result has no speed left for his climaxes. Not a scene in the play won spontaneous applause at the opening performance at the Burbank, and Sunday afternoon audiences are famous for the warmth of their approval. The types in the play are not well drawn; the only way in which they remain in the memory is through their characterization by the actors. There is small foundation for any of the situations, and the big situation utterly fails to thrill. It is not a good part for Mr. Stuart, and he does not even approximate success in the role. The best piece of work is done by Walter Edwards, remembered for his strong picture of Laylock in "The Deep Purple." Edwards plays Already Joe, a negro character, with a fidelity and a skill that mark him a "find" for the management. Of the other newcomers there is little opportunity to judge, although we wait with interest further appearances of Ione Magrane, who plays the heroine in a charming fashion. She has magnetism and pulchritude and a musical voice—all of which are invaluable assets. Lillian Elliott plays a rather vulgar old woman in a manner which makes it a classic, and other parts are capably filled by the Burbank "standbys." Out of kindness to its patrons, and from consideration of its own reputation, the management should withdraw the Dollar Did It show after one week.

Sprightly Bill at the Orpheum

As a whole this week's Orpheum bill is highly diverting, with Nat M. Willis as the big feature, and with Annie Kent and McIntyre and Harty as close

favorites. Wills is one of the strongest cards on the Orpheum circuit; his weird make-up, his parodies and stories—sung and recounted in his inimitable fashion, cause his listeners to chortle with glee. McIntyre & Harty, absurdly billed as "the sugar plum girlie and the marshmallow boy" safely hurdle this handicap. They are an oddly assorted pair—little Miss McIntyre is a slim creature of magnetism and Harty is a huge comedian who sings pleasingly; and their songs and patter make a big hit. Annie Kent's personal appearance is not attractive when she first enters, but her ability and a certain grotesque charm completely win the audiences before her act is over. She cannot sing, but she is a born comedienne. Frederick Hawley and company present a lurid melodrama purporting to be faithful to the Mexican period of 1870. It is feared that Mr. Hawley gathered his local color from story books. The concoction is absurdly melodramatic, and the acting does not enhance its value. Williams and Warner—strange names for Frenchmen—extract music from all sorts of instruments, legitimate and otherwise, and win instant approval. Holdovers are Bertish, the athlete, Minnie Allen, the comedienne—this time in costume—and that inflection upon good taste, "The Antique Girl." Frankenstein's programs are treats for the discriminating, this week including Grieg's "March of the Dwarfs," an extract from Saint-Saens' "Algerienne" and bits of "Lakme."

"Round-up" at the Mason.

Maclyn Arbuckle and Ogden Crane, combined with good scenic effects, are the excuses for the existence of Klaw & Erlanger's big melo-drama, "The Round-Up," which reigns at the Mason Opera House this week. The play, outside of these features, is not of any dramatic or literary value. As "Slim Hoover," the fat sheriff whom nobody loves, Maclyn Arbuckle is an exquisitely ludicrous—and at times pathetic—character and has his business so polished that he never moves out of the atmosphere created. As the Cherokee bad man, Buck McGee, Ogden Crane ives good account of himself, and other roles are acceptably, if not brilliantly played. Ethel von Waldron, remembered as ingenue with the Burbank company, plays with good effect as Polly Hope, the poor relation. The staging offers several remarkable effects, especially the battle scene in the mountains, and the bucking bronchos in the last act start a whirlwind of appreciation. It is all "blood and thunder," but good of its kind, although it hardly seems suited to the Mason Opera House clientele.

Offerings for Next Week

McKee Rankin will open a brief engagement at the Mason Opera House Monday evening, Oct. 21, with a capable company headed by Margaret Drew, formerly leading woman in "The Third Degree." "Magda"—last given here by Mrs. Patrick Campbell—will be the opening bill. The Suderman drama will be presented for four performances, and will be followed by "The Fires of St. John;" while for the second week, "The Typhoon" will be presented. "Magda" is a story of the power of material love and is possibly the strongest dramatic plea ever made for the equal rights of woman. It is written of as "the poetic love epitome of the past, present and future." "The Fires of St. John" is also well known, and is one of Mr. Rankin's greatest successes. McKee Rankin has been the guiding star of many present day shining lights, among them Blanche Bates, Wilton Lackey, Robert Hilliard, Nance O'Neil and others. In Miss Drew he feels that he has a real "find," and as his opinion has always been worth while her appearance will be awaited with interest.

Second event of the Great Philharmonic Course will take place Wednesday evening, Oct. 23, when Manager

Behymer offers as an extraordinary attraction two stars, Richard Martin, the American tenor, and Rudolf Ganz, the Swiss piano virtuoso, who usually give their recitals separately, but who will appear on the same program in this city through the desire of Impresario Behymer to make the occasion particularly brilliant. Riccardo Martin enjoys the distinction of being the first American tenor to be engaged for leading roles at the Metropolitan, where he has been a headliner since 1907. He is at home in the operatic and song literature of all countries, and it is said that his French, Italian, German and English are perfect. Rudolf Ganz is considered one of the leading musicians of Europe, a soloist who is a composer as well. He has appeared for many seasons with the Thomas Orchestra, the Boston Symphony and other famous organizations. The program is as follows:

Symphonic Etudes, Op. 13 (Schumann). Mr. Ganz; Foreign group: a. Sospiri miei (A. Bimboni), b. Als die alte Mutter (Dvorak), c. Chant Venitien (Memberg), Mr. Martin; a. Prelude in C sharp Op. 45 (Chopin), b. Berceuse (Chopin), c. Polonaise in A flat (Chopin), Mr. Ganz; Aria, "Che gelida manina" (La Boheme, Puccini), Mr. Martin. Intermission. English songs: In Moonlight (Elgar), Oh Let Night Speak to Me (Chadwick), Morning Hymn (Henschel), d. Come Back (Roger Quilter), Mr. Martin; a. Intermezzo from Op. 23 (new, Ganz), b. Bauerntanz (Peasants' Dance, new, Ganz), c. Petrarca Sonetta in E major (Liszt), d. Rakoczy March (Liszt), Mr. Ganz; Aria, Flower Song from Carmen (Bizet), Mr. Martin.

Holbrook Blinn's tremendous success in Paul Armstrong's latest play, "A Romance of the Underworld," which has been attracting big audiences to the Majestic theater throughout the week, has justified the management in extending the engagement another night, so that an extra performance will be given Sunday evening. The theater will be dark next week, after which Denman Thompson's perennially popular play, "The Old Homestead," will be seen.

"A Dollar Did It," the comedy which was given its first production on any stage Sunday afternoon, will be continued at the Burbank theater for a second—and positively the last week—beginning with the usual Sunday matinee. "A Dollar Did It" is of the 1913 model, its chief character being a promoter who out-Wallingfords Wallingford by coming into Squirrelton, Indiana, with a dollar bill, and proceeds to wake the natives from their Rip Van Winkle slumbers. He teaches the methods of progression so well that the natives try to trim him, but he is too bright to permit the "double cross" and wins everything in sight. Ralph Stuart was especially imported for the part of Baxter Billings the promoter, and others who have made popular hits are Walter Edwards as "Already Joe," Ione McGrane, Richard Allen, David Hartford, Willie Marks, Robert Leonard and Lillian Elliott. Following the second week of "A Dollar Did It," Manager Morosco will produce Paul Armstrong's new play, "The Escape," which has been in rehearsal for a week. Florence Stone will have the leading feminine role.

J. Hartley Manners' comedy of happiness, "The Money Moon," continues to attract capacity audiences to the Belasco theater, where it has scored one of the most substantial hits of the season, and the demand for seats continues to be of such proportions that it has been necessary to continue the piece another week. The third week of this delightful comedy begins Monday night, and there is every indication that it will be the biggest of the run. Mr. Manners' dramatization of Jeffrey Farnol's popular novel is a story of love and laughter, sweet with simplicity and pungent with wit. Manager Morosco has given "The Money Moon" a splendid production and a perfect cast, which has much to do with its unusual success. Orrin Johnson, Marguerite Leslie and Gertrude Short, who

(Continued on Page Fifteen)



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"A Dollar Did It"

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Monday to Wednesday "MAGDA", night, inclusive,

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WEEK OF OCTOBER 21

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Books

It would be interesting, indeed, in this day and age of strange book titles, to have collected and published interviews with certain authors, setting forth the reasons for the names of their books, and the connection between the story and the label on the cover. Ezra Brudno has taken a phrase from one of the oldest psychological situations known (the temptation and fall of Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden) to designate the soul experience of a man and artist. "One of Us" refers to that passage "And the Lord God said, Behold, the man (Adam) is become as one of us, to know good and evil," after the first man and woman have sampled the forbidden fruit and become as "gods" in their knowledge of good and evil. But Mr. Brudno has pictured a most unusual individual in Raphael, quite unlike the Biblical characters. It must have been a flawed mirror that was held up to life—and a remote subject. Raphael is portrayed as a hunchback of repellant appearance, but with an artist's soul and tastes; the son of an egotistical, but unsuccessful musician. Naturally, in the minds of the family, God has to bear the blame for the sins of the parent visited upon the child. Unanswered questionings of the little cripple warp his spiritual and mental development. "Could God have made me as nice as those boys?" referring to a line of children coming from school one day. "Certainly, sweetheart" is the mother's answer. "Then why didn't He?" asks the child pertinently, as many children old and young have asked concerning similar situations. To which no satisfactory answer is given either by father or mother. The unfeeling conduct of the unsympathetic father drives the talented and sensitive child from home. The boy falls in with a thief and criminal, takes a lesson in criminality, and learns also that the ungodly are often not only agreeable but have their good qualities; that man's inhumanity to man and judgments of men not only make countless thousands mourn, but make countless hardened criminals. From Jack Jessup he learns the "law of conquest." Enter at this stage what at first blush seems a Sunday school element in the story. However, Alfred Jessup, millionaire philanthropist, proves a boorish ignoramus and a big cad, and his son, Walt, the natural product of such a consummate coward, several degrees more contemptible. Raphael's rescue from vagabondage is quite melodramatic. The psychological threads, also, begin to tangle immediately and Mr. Brudno labors hard to prove (if his title means anything) that Raphael becomes quite a superior being through the fires of temptation. As a matter of fact Raphael, although an intelligent and somewhat normal individual in other ways, acts in an idiotic fashion in relation to Walter Jessup, son of his benefactor, and Norma, especially while in Switzerland visiting Walter. No wonder Norma, after her marriage to Walter, questions Raphael's love or even friendship, in sacrificing her to his rouse friend. Indeed, Raphael "is cursed with a conscience"—a most peculiar and unnaturally unintelligent conscience. Mr. Brudno has good command of English and writes entertainingly, but he seems a little confused about what is realism. He has been searching for the extraordinary, the isolated example, rather than the universal, which lives; although he has given glimpses of the latter in the ex-

periences of Raphael, the searcher after the law of life. "One of Us." B. Ezra Brudno. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Stories of Famous Men

For the younger boys and girls just learning to live and to think in this old, puzzling world of confusing theories and actions among their elders, is a little volume called "Fifty Famous People," suitable for the third or fourth year of school, and likewise adaptable for the fireside story from mother's lips. James Baldwin has been generous indeed, and has introduced more than the number of names mentioned. Many boys and girls have listened with wide open eyes and hearts to the story of Lincoln and the poor pig rescued from the mud, out here is a new story about "Saving the Birds." Then there is the original version of "Mr. Finney" and his famous turnip, celebrated in verse supposedly by Longfellow; the origin of the old adage "never pay too dear for a whistle" in which Benjamin Franklin played a prominent part; the story connected with the familiar rhyme "All for the Want of a Horseshoe Nail," when Richard, King of England lost his kingdom to Henry, Duke of Richmond; how Elihu Burritt, known as the "Learned Blacksmith," proved his chivalry; how Benjamin West came to be a painter and Caedmon came to sing the "Song of Creation." It would appear—this is probably unintentional—that greatness and nobility were strictly masculine attributes since there are no women in the list. This, however, is the gravest criticism of the book. Alfred the Great, Robert Bruce, Gautama, Bondone Giotto, Jefferson, Lafayette, John Marshall, Solon, Jonathan Swift, Fulton, are a few of the many great men in the group, each story serving the purpose not only of familiarizing the little auditors or readers with the names of makers of history and institutions, but inculcating aspiration by painting the most desirable elements in greatness and nobility in attractive fashion. ("Fifty Famous People." By James Baldwin. American Book Co.)

Magazines for October

Good stories abound in Harper's Magazine for October, among them "Barjavel's Civet of Hare," by Thomas A. Janvier, "Confessions," by Alice Brown, "Mary Bowman of Gettysburg," by Elsie Singmaster, "The Rose," by Harriett Prescott Spofford, "The Anklet of the Troglodyte," by Louis Closser Hale, "Little Feller," by Elmore Elliott Peake, "Flower o' the Road," by Maude Radford Warren, and "The Secret," by Forrest Crissey. Arnold Bennett has his seventh paper on "Your United States" and Albert Bigelow Paine his twelfth paper on Mark Twain. Other features are "The Fur Harvesters," "A Search for the Last Inca Capital," by Hiram Bingham, Gilbert Parker's serial, "The Judgment House," and W. D. Howell's departments.

Features in the National Food Magazine for October include "How to Live," by George F. Butler; "Humane Slaughter in Europe," by Rutledge Rutherford, "Dried Vegetables in Europe," by Paul Orr, "The Farmer and the Middleman," by Victor Ayer, "Potatoes the World's Food," by George H. Dacy, "A Woman Wild Duck Farmer," by Elizabeth Parker, "What Is Domestic Science," by Charles Welsh, "Hallowe'en Suggestions," by Louise Fagan, recipes, novelties, etc.

Six Best Sellers

The Ten-Thousand-Dollar Arm.—By Charles E. Van Loan.
Between Two Thieves.—By Richard Dehan.
Daddy Long Legs.—By Jean Webster.
Smoke Bellew.—By Jack London.
Jujol.—By William J. Locke.
Friar Tuck.—By Robert Alexander Wason.

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Gossip of Automobile Row

Qui Vive for Big Desert Race—

Southern California and Arizona motor enthusiasts are impatiently awaiting the night of October 26, when at eleven o'clock the first car in the fifth annual Los Angeles-to-Phoenix automobile race over the California and Arizona deserts will start from here. It promises to be one of the fastest cross-country racing events in history, and the gasoline prophets have figured that the run will be made in about seventeen hours. Twelve cars will compete for the two cups and purse of \$5650 offered. The two cups are the Bullock Cup valued at \$500 presented by the local department store, and the Arizona Republican Cup, valued at \$100. Both must be won three times to insure permanent possession. The prize money will be divided 65, 25 and 10 per cent for first, second, and third respectively. The cars will follow each other at five minute intervals at the start. The time limit will be 56 hours after the start. The course to be covered is 511 miles. The cars entered and their drivers follow: Cadillac, Charles Soules; Buick, Louis Nikrent; Cadillac, William Bramlette; Cadillac, S. A. McKee; Franklin, Ralph Hamlin; American, Mark Burnell; American, W. F. Pipher; Schact, G. M. Florsheim; Simplex, Al G. Faulkner; Mercedes, Charles Bigelow; National, Fred Fuller; Hupmobile, N. C. Nason. The tour for the gruelling grind this year will be via Main street to Eastlake Park, thence east along the Valley boulevard through Alhambra, El Monte, Puente, Lemon, Walnut, Sparda, Pomona, Ontario, Bloomington, Colton, Beaumont, Banning, Palm Springs, Mecca, Brawley, Mammoth, Glamis, Ogilby, Yuma, Dome City, Middle Wells, Palomas, Agua Caliente, Arlington and Buckeye with the finish at the Phoenix Fair Grounds.

Franklin Car's Good Record—Twenty thousand miles with a Franklin machine driven for the most part over the roads of Southern California is the unique record of Dr. Carl S. Owen, a California physician, now living at National City, near San Diego. Dr. Owen's last long run in the car was a 2500-mile jog through California and Nevada by way of Lake Tahoe. Although the machine had previously covered more than 18,000 miles, this lengthy journey was made without an engine adjustment or tire trouble of any sort.

Ordinance Under Consideration—Auto vehicles received much attention at the hands of the city council this week, two ordinances relative to the motor being under discussion. One was to place a yearly license of \$10 upon all motor trucks in Los Angeles. This was referred back to the legislation committee. The other was the ordinance requiring autoists to place on their machines the patent devices showing by a series of colors the speed attained. The latter ordinance also prohibits the emission of smoke or gases from the engines. It was also filed for further consideration.

On a Service Tour Inspection—John A. Perry of the Winton service department has been on a tour of California visiting every Winton motor car owner accessible. He remained two weeks recently in Los Angeles for this purpose and is at present in the northern part of the state on the same mission.

Back in the Transportation Field—H. R. Wells, for many years general manager of the Salt Lake railroad, this week purchased from C. J. Black and Roy C. McClay their lease covering the auto and taxicab business of the Alexandria hotel. The business is to be

combined with that of the Owens brothers who operate from the hotel Hayward. The combination will be known as Owens Brothers and Wells. A new lease with the Alexandria has been drawn up extending from January 1, 1914, to December 31, 1918. Much new equipment is to be added to the rolling stock of the new concern.

Couped in His Coupe—Frank Johnson, well known local automobile man, is at present touring the northern part of California in his National coupe. Enclosed cars are seldom seen on the roads that he has been traversing and the natives have taken no little interest in inspecting his auto as it passed through. Next Spring Johnson plans to make a transcontinental trip in the same car.

O. K. Is White—O. K. White, formerly with the United Motor Los Angeles agency, is now San Diego agent for the Columbus Buggy Company, of Columbus, Ohio, and is demonstrating 1913 models of the Columbus Electrics, Firestone Columbus gas cars, and the Moreland motor trucks.

Offerings for Next Week

(Continued from Page Thirteen)

play the three big roles, have received unqualified praise, and the character studies of other favorites have won favorable comment. Following "The Money Moon," A. E. McFadden's new play, "The Child," will be given for the first time on any stage, and will serve to introduce the new leading woman, Miss Frances Ring.

From grand opera to the latest marvel in science is the wide range of the Orpheum bill opening Monday matinee, Oct. 21. The topline is the Orfodos' Manon organization, a group of singers whose repertoire is extensive, and whose voices have won them warm praise. Mlle. Caelia Zawaschi, formerly with the Chicago and the Lambardi companies, is the soprano, and is well known here. Of course the excellent Frankenstein orchestra will render the best of accompaniments. Claud and Fanny Usher are pets of the Orpheum circuit and in their little classic, "Fagan's Decision," with the inevitable "Spareribs," they will be heartily welcomed. Diero, the piano accordionist, is also a welcome visitor, and will have many new selections to offer with his former favorites. The scientific marvel is "The Wonder Kettle," which is presented by Frederick Andrews. It is a common pot-iron kettle, but while it boils on a cake of ice Mr. Andrews extracts ice cream from it which he passes to the audience. He also fries a chop, lights a cigar, etc., with the same article. LaMaze trio offer eccentric acrobats and the holdovers include Nat Wills, Annie Kent, and Williams and Warner. There will be the usual motion pictures and a splendid program from the Frankenstein orchestra.

Interesting scenes and excellent photography will mark the pictures at the Mozart Grand Avenue theater for the week beginning Oct. 21. The Los Angeles Public School system in films will be of interest to children, parents and teachers, depicting as they do school life in the kindergarten, through the grammar grades, through high school to graduation. More than 30,000 children of all ages are shown at work and at play in the 3000 feet of film. Aside from the local appeal, these pictures will be of interest from an educational point of view. "The Merchant of Venice" has always proved popular with discriminating audiences, and the Mozart reel will be of unusual value. The "Animated Weekly" will be a feature as will be the musical program.

NOTICE OF CONTEST

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
United States Land Office.

Los Angeles, California, Sept. 19, 1912.
To DAVID H. SMITH, of 315 E. 5th St., Los Angeles, contestee:

You are hereby notified that Jennie A. Bristol, who gives 2961 W. 8th St., Los Angeles, California, as her post-office address, did on August 19th, 1912, file in this office her duly corroborated application to contest and secure the cancellation of your Homestead, Entry No. 11124, Serial No. 03826, made June 13th, 1906, for E½ of NE¼ and E½ of SE¼ Section 14, Township 1 South, Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, and as grounds for her contest she alleges that David H. Smith has not resided on land described above for two years last past and no improvements of any kind have been made upon said land, that he has abandoned said land for two years last past.

You are, therefore, further notified that the said allegations will be taken by this office as having been confessed by you, and your said entry will be cancelled thereunder without your further right to be heard therein, either before this office or on appeal, if you fail to file in this office within twenty days after the Fourth publication of this notice, as shown below, your answer, under oath, specifically meeting and responding to these allegations of contest, or if you fail within that time to file in this office due proof that you have served a copy of your answer on the said contestant either in person or by registered mail. If this service is made by the delivery of a copy of your answer to the contestant in person, proof of such service must be either the said contestant's written acknowledgment of her receipt of the copy, showing the date of its receipt, or the affidavit of the person by whom the delivery was made stating when and where the copy was delivered; if made by registered mail, proof of such service must consist of the affidavit of the person by whom the copy was mailed stating when and the post office to which it was mailed, and this affidavit must be accompanied by the postmaster's receipt for the letter.

You should state in your answer the name of the post office to which you desire future notices to be sent to you.

FRANK BUREN, Register.
O. R. W. ROBINSON, Receiver.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
013456 Not coal lands
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
Sept. 18, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that James E. Cutler of Calabasas, Cal., who, on July 6, 1911, made Homestead Entry No. 013456, for W½SE¼, E½SW¼, Section 13, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 28th day of October, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m. Claimant names as witnesses: Willis H. Mead, Perry Whiting, Karelius A. Knagenhelm, all of Los Angeles, Cal.; John E. Ziehlike, of Calabasas, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION IN UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE

016527
Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 5, 1912.
Notice is hereby given that Santa Fe Pacific Railroad Company, through W. J. Davis, its attorney in fact, has filed in this office its application to select, under the provisions of the Act of Congress approved June 4, 1897, (30 Stat. 1136), and the Act of Congress approved March 3, 1905, (33 Stat. 1264), the following described land, namely:

Lot Two in Section Eighteen, Township One South, Range Twenty West, San Bernardino Meridian, situate in the Los Angeles Land District, and containing 53.10 acres.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the land described, or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land, or any part thereof, or for any other reason, to the disposal to applicant, should file their affidavits of protest in this office on or before the 15th day of November, 1912.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

that the little model has conceived an affection for him. He dismisses the girl when he finishes his painting; but she goes to seek him, finding, however, that he has been married, and that she can have no place in his life. "Miss Robinson Crusoe" is an entertaining romance. A society woman traveling abroad attempts to bring about a marriage between her only daughter and a nobleman, and also prevent the girl's marrying a wealthy young American. The daughter is chaperoned on a long ocean trip by the nobleman's mother. The ship is wrecked and the girl reported missing, but the young American goes in search of her, finds her on a desert island, and returns her to her parents, who give their consent to the marriage. The "Sextette from Lucia" will be presented through the autetophone by Caruso, Scotti, Sembrich, Journey, Severina and Bada.

NOTICE OF CONTEST

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
United States Land Office.

Los Angeles, California, Sept. 30, 1912.
To Chas. Harry Stanard of Los Angeles, Cal., contestee:

You are hereby notified that William Curtis Page who gives 615 W. 6th St. as his post-office address, did on August 29, 1912, file in this office his duly corroborated application to contest and secure the cancellation of your Homestead, Entry No. 11100, Serial No. 03811, made May 5, 1912, for SE¼ Section 23, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and as grounds for his contest he alleges that you have not resided on said land nor erected a house or habitation thereon. None of the land has been cultivated, and you have abandoned the same for six months past.

You are, therefore, further notified that the said allegations will be taken by this office as having been confessed by you, and your said entry will be cancelled thereunder without your further right to be heard therein, either before this office or on appeal, if you fail to file in this office within twenty days after the Fourth publication of this notice, as shown below, your answer, under oath, specifically meeting and responding to these allegations of contest, or if you fail within that time to file in this office due proof that you have served a copy of your answer on the said contestant either in person or by registered mail. If this service is made by the delivery of a copy of your answer to the contestant in person, proof of such service must be either the said contestant's written acknowledgment of his receipt of the copy, showing the date of its receipt, or the affidavit of the person by whom the delivery was made stating when and where the copy was delivered; if made by registered mail, proof of such service must consist of the affidavit of the person by whom the copy was mailed stating when and the post office to which it was mailed, and this affidavit must be accompanied by the postmaster's receipt for the letter.

You should state in your answer the name of the post office to which you desire future notices to be sent to you.

FRANK BUREN, Register.
O. R. W. ROBINSON, Receiver.

NOTICE OF CONTEST
Department of the Interior,
United States Land Office,
Los Angeles, California, Oct. 7, 1912.
To Henrik J. L. W. Bjerkander of Covina, California, Contestee:

You are hereby notified that Wallace L. Thompson, who gives 3946 Denker Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal., as his postoffice address, did on Sept. 6th, 1912, file in this office his duly corroborated application to contest and secure the cancellation of your Homestead, Entry No. 010877, Serial No. —, made June 7, 1910, for E½ of SE¼, SE¼ of NE¼ of Section 15, and NW¼ of SW¼ of Section 14, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, and as grounds for his contest he alleges that said Henrik J. L. W. Bjerkander has abandoned said land for more than two years last past to contestant's knowledge, has built no house or habitation thereon, and has not cultivated said land in any manner whatsoever, and said land is in its natural state.

You are, therefore, further notified that the said allegations will be taken by this office as having been confessed by you, and your said entry will be canceled thereunder without your further right to be heard therein, either before this office or on appeal, if you fail to file in this office within twenty days after the FOURTH publication of this notice, as shown below, your answer, under oath, specifically meeting and responding to these allegations of contest, or if you fail within that time to file in this office due proof that you have served a copy of your answer on the said contestant either in person or by registered mail. If this service is made by the delivery of a copy of your answer to the contestant in person, proof of such service must be either the said contestant's written acknowledgment of his receipt of the copy, showing the date of its receipt, or the affidavit of the person by whom the delivery was made stating when and where the copy was delivered; if made by registered mail, proof of such service must consist of the affidavit of the person by whom the copy was mailed stating when and the post-office to which it was mailed, and this affidavit must be accompanied by the postmaster's receipt for the letter.

You should state in your answer the name of the postoffice to which you desire future notices to be sent to you.

FRANK BUREN, Register.
O. R. W. ROBINSON, Receiver.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
02882 Not coal lands.
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
Dec. 8, 1911.

NOTICE is hereby given that James A. Craig, of Topanga, Cal., who, on November 13, 1906, made Homestead Entry No. 11211, Serial No. 03882, for E½NE¼, NE¼ SE¼ Sec. 11, NW¼SW¼ Sec. 12, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 19th day of November, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: A. W. Von Arnswaldt, Alfred Hinker, Fred H. Post, J. D. Heron, all of Topanga, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

Stocks & Bonds

Los Angeles stock exchange business is more than ordinarily satisfactory, both as to volume and quality of trading, the week's total transactions having been well up to the average. The banking list continues to rule firm with prices up to the highest of recent satisfactory records, and with all of the principal issues in demand. Oil shares are wanted, particularly such of these securities as are good collateral.

First National is sought, with the market about cleaned of stock and with prices much firmer ex dividend than those that ruled prior to Oct. 1, when the shares showed \$7.00 due to stockholders of record. National Bank of California also is strong and Security Trust & Savings is quickly gathered in when the stock comes to the surface. California Savings Bank and F. & M. National are picked up promptly and Citizens National has gained better than \$5 a share since the last report.

Among the major oils the Unions are softer with Associated showing signs of strengthening. Amalgamated is weak, although the stock always is wanted on breaks. It should gradually work to par by the end of the year, always barring the unexpected. Columbia, a somewhat dormant issue, has been at the front all the week, with the market strong at around \$1.15. Central is not active and the Santa Maria list is apathetic. Rice Ranch after slumping to par has regained about ten points. There is still a conflict of opinion as to whether or not the one and a half per cent a month dividend is to be cut down. The lesser petroleum are not especially active. California Midway has declined about 9 cents a share, plus two assessments of five cents each. National Pacific is weak at about 2½ cents the share.

Bonds show signs of stability, L. A. Home preferred 5s being wanted at 80, and Union Oil 5s easy at 90. The tractions and Edisons may always be marketed in ordinary offerings.

There has not been a great deal doing in the industrial list lately, although L. A. Home preferred is more actively firm, with indications for better prices for this issue in the near future. L. A. Investment is in demand at all times at about ten points under the official price.

Southern California Edisons are strong and up 2 points.

There is not a great deal in sight for the mining stocks known in this market; indications, however, are that a sharp movement may be launched in this class of securities when activity is least expected.

Money continues to rule easy with no complaint of lack of cash for all legitimate requirements. In fact, there never was a presidential election when there was more accommodation in sight for banking custom entitled to consideration.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Santa Barbara will vote Nov. 5 on an issue of \$130,000 for the erection of a county hospital.

Glendora is planning an issue of \$15,000 for taking over its water companies.

San Diego will soon hold a special election for voting \$75,000 for a new city hall.

Election will be held Nov. 4 in the

Fullerton Union High School district on the question of issuing \$50,000 in bonds for high school buildings.

Banks and Banking

John B. Knok and Marco H. Hellman of the National Bank of Alhambra have purchased the controlling interest in the First National Bank of that city.

One of the first buildings to rise from the burned district in Ocean Park will be a two story block for the Merchants Commercial Savings Bank, to be located at Marine and Trolleyway.

NOTICE OF CONTEST

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
United States Land Office.

Los Angeles, California, Oct. 17, 1912.
To ROBERT CAMPBELL, of 315 N. Hill St., contestee:

You are hereby notified that Fannie Robert, who gives Newberry Park as her post-office address, did on Sept. 25, 1912, file in this office her duly corroborated application to contest and secure the cancellation of your Homestead, Entry No. 010535, Serial No. —, made May 13, 1910, for SW¼, Section 11, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, and as grounds for her contest she alleges that Robert Campbell has abandoned said land for more than two years last past, that he has not built a house or habitation on said land, that he has not cleared or cultivated said land; that said land is in a state of nature.

You are, therefore, further notified that the said allegations will be taken by this office as having been confessed by you, and your said entry will be cancelled thereunder without your further right to be heard therein, either before this office or on appeal, if you fail to file in this office within twenty days after the fourth publication of this notice, as shown below, your answer, under oath, specifically meeting and responding to these allegations of contest, or if you fail within that time to file in this office due proof that you have served a copy of your answer on the said contestant either in person or by registered mail. If this service is made by the delivery of a copy of your answer to the contestant in person, proof of such service must be either the said contestant's written acknowledgment of his receipt of the copy, showing the date of its receipt, or the affidavit of the person by whom the delivery was made stating when and where the copy was delivered; if made by registered mail, proof of such service must consist of the affidavit of the person by whom the copy was mailed stating when and the post-office to which it was mailed, and this affidavit must be accompanied by the postmaster's receipt for the letter.

You should state in your answer the name of the post-office to which you desire future notices to be sent to you.

FRANK BUREN, Register.
O. R. W. ROBINSON, Receiver.

Accidents Unnecessary

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.
Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle—better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.
Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.
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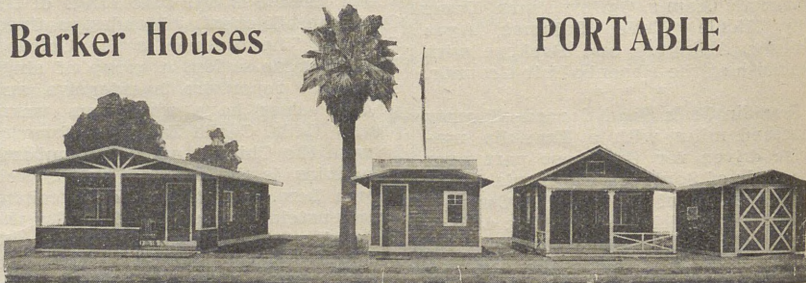
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J. E. FISHEBURN, President.
H. S. MCKEE, Cashier.
Capital, \$500,000.00.
Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$200,000.

CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK
S. E. Cor. Fourth and Broadway

S. F. ZOMBRO, President.
JAMES B. GIST, Cashier.
Capital, \$300,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$244,000.

CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK
S. W. Cor. Third and Main

A. J. WATERS, President.
E. T. PETTIGREW, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,500,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$700,000.

COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK
401 South Spring, Cor. Fourth

W. A. BONYNGE, President.
NEWMAN, ESSICK, Cashier.
Capital, \$200,000.
Surplus & Undivided Profits, \$60,000.

FARMERS & MERCHANTS NAT. BANK
Corner Fourth and Main

I. W. HELLMAN, President.
V. H. ROSSETTI, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,500,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$2,000,000.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
S. E. Cor. Second and Spring

J. M. ELLIOTT, President.
W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier.
Capital Stock, \$1,250,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$1,625,000.

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK
S. E. Cor. Third and Spring

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J. H. RAMBOZ, Cashier.
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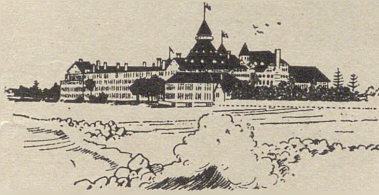
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